

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## SUNSHINE IN SUSSEX & SHADOW IN KENT

See  
Middle  
Pages

### THE TRUE BATTLE OF LIFE FOR THE NATIONS

#### Why the World Must Have Peace

OUR little earth (how difficult it is to realise that the rolling ball is only 8000 miles thick!) is not too kind to its inhabitants. It is mostly covered with water, and that not fit for consumption. As the Ancient Mariner bewailed:

*Water, water everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.*

And even where there is land, in those strange continental outcrops above sea-level which taper towards the south of our planet, the surface is often made difficult or useless to man by great deserts of sand and deserts of ice, and by mountains and infertile soil.

#### A Hard Life For Man

Thus it was that until modern times life was difficult for man. With simple tools or no tools at all he wrestled with the soil. The North American plains illustrate the case. Big as they were, they served merely to feed small tribes of Redskins, who maintained themselves with difficulty. Now the same lands (Canada, the United States, and Mexico) sustain nearly 160 million people.

The open secret of this change was the use of machinery; but still life means hard work for the many.

The machinery could not be made until plenty of iron and other metals became available, and this meant mining on a large scale. The earth clings to her wealth, and mining remains laborious work.

Fuel, all-important to man, whether in the form of wood, coal, peat, or mineral oil, is limited in quantity. Some lands have little of these things. The British Empire, a fourth of the globe, has very little petroleum.

#### Using Things Up

The vexed question is unsolved of how much petroleum remains in the world. More and more oil is used, and more and more is discovered. The rocks yield their secrets with reluctance. The only certain thing is that exhaustion must come, and that the lapse of a single lifetime will bring us to the point of scarcity. The distillation of oil from coal is proceeding, but in its turn coal will become scarce.

The American oil reserves are put at 12,500 million barrels, and over 1000 million barrels are produced every year. That looks like a very short life for American oil. But new discoveries are made, and it may be that exhaustion will not take place for twenty or

more years. The new discoveries, however, are not keeping pace with the quantity used up.

When we turn to the metals we find that the important ones are being rapidly used up. Iron, copper, lead, zinc, nickel, are not too plentiful. They are found in isolated places, and many nations have little or none of them. Nickel is found in very few lands, and it is of very great importance to man. Fortunately, there is plenty of aluminium, for it is the basis of common clay, but the problem of producing the metal from clay cheaply has not been solved. A metal famine is certain in this present century unless something is done to avert it, and it may be felt severely in the lifetime of a considerable number of those who read these lines.

All the more reason, therefore, for cooperation between nations in the use of the world. The present position is that the nations scramble for supplies with greed but without intelligence. This is one of the strongest of many strong arguments for the maintenance of Peace.

#### Let There Be Peace

The true Battle of Life is obviously with the hardships of life on our small planet. To fight it to gain a comfortable and secure existence for all is no light task; to do so while men are suspecting each other and refusing to help each other is unspeakable folly. *Let there be Peace.*

### The Captain's Mustard and Cress

#### A LITTLE CHAPTER OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION

AN interesting and curious discovery comes into the news this week.

*Pressed between pages of an old book about Admiral Sir Edward Parry, who commanded five expeditions to the Arctic, a bit of cress was found.*

It is the most historic and oldest bit of cress in the world, and was grown more than a hundred years ago on Winter Island in the Arctic. The story of how the cress came to be grown so far north, nearer to the Pole than any had been grown before, is one of the small romances of Arctic exploration.

#### The Sacks of Earth

Captain Edward Parry, who afterwards started out from Spitsbergen to reach the North Pole by sledge, and failed, was sent to find the North-West Passage in 1821. The ships with him were the *Fury* and the *Hecla*. While the ships were waiting at Kirkwall in the Orkneys a boat came off to Parry's own ship, the *Fury*, with some sacks full of earth.

The ship's carpenter, an Aberdeen man, could hardly believe his eyes. What, he asked, could be the use of these? His mate soothingly replied that they were captain's orders, and depend on it the captain had something in his head. The carpenter grudgingly stowed the sacks away, but throughout the voyage to the Arctic their presence irked him, and one day he ordered his mate to throw them overboard. The captain, he thought,

would by now have forgotten his fancy. The carpenter's mate thought otherwise, and, instead of throwing the sacks overboard, prudently removed them to a safe place where the carpenter would not see them. He was right. When they came to Winter Harbour, where the *Fury* and the *Hecla* were frozen in, Parry ordered the carpenter to make some long shallow boxes. This done, the captain asked for the sacks of earth.

The dumbfounded Scot came down to his mate crestfallen and anxious. What was to be done now, he asked. The captain wanted the sacks they had thrown overboard!

It was the hour of his mate's triumph. The sacks, he said, had not gone overboard, and he produced them.

#### The Value of Fresh Food

Not only the carpenter but all the crew had reason to be grateful for his mate's foresight. In the narrow boxes of earth Parry sowed his mustard and cress, and these handy vegetables so helped him in keeping off scurvy, the scourge of polar exploration in those days, that his crews were kept in better health than ever before.

This ancient brown scrap of cress, come to light again after more than 110 years, is a bit of science as well as a bit of history. It helped to prove the truth of what Captain James Cook had found by experiment many years before, that fresh food and vegetables keep sickness at bay. They contain what we now know as the necessary vitamins.



**Photographers Photographed**

Boys of Alleyn's School waiting with cameras to photograph their friends taking a water jump in the school steeplechase at Dulwich



## THE FIGHT FOR THE CROWN OF ENGLAND

### Dramatic Discovery of a Cannon Fired in It

A French cannon fired against England in the hope of winning back her throne for James the Second has been dredged from the sea near Cherbourg.

British sailors sent this cannon to the bottom of the sea in the sea-fight known as the Battle of La Hogue, an outstanding victory (by the fleets of the Dutch and English over the French) which placed William and Mary finally and firmly on our throne in 1692.

The first three years of their reign were one long series of plots and counter-plots. James the Second had in King Louis an ally who hated both Dutch and English, and in England the taxes imposed by the new king and the high-handed actions of the Whigs had induced a reaction in favour of James.

#### A Possible Invasion

A French admiral had landed 6000 soldiers in Bantry Bay to help the Irish adherents of James, and the English admiral had apparently allowed him to do so. The French fleet then swept the Channel, and when the Dutch and English fleet were ordered to engage them off Beachy Head the English admiral sacrificed the Dutch and retired to the Thames.

Fortunately, William at that moment won the Battle of the Boyne, and the cowardly James fled to France. There he persuaded Louis to assemble an army of 30,000 for the invasion of England, and half of these were Irishmen.

Both England and France were feverishly building ships, and the date of 1692 on the cannon proves that it was cast in this busy year. Louis was so certain of success that he actually appointed an ambassador for London when King James was back, and James issued a Proclamation to his subjects in England granting an amnesty.

#### The Admiral's Letter

It was decided to strike at sea before the French Mediterranean fleet could join Tourville in the Channel. Russell was the new British admiral, with 99 ships, but so confident was Louis that Russell was a traitor that he ordered Tourville, who had only 55 ships, to join battle at any odds.

Russell had, in fact, been in touch with the Jacobites, but he wrote to these supporters of James:

*Do not think I will let the French triumph over me in our own seas. If I meet them I will fight them, even though King James were on board.*

A personal letter from Queen Mary, appealing to the patriotism of the officers and to the Protestant spirit of the navy since the days of Admiral Blake, clinched the matter, and with the Dutch again in the van a desperate battle was fought. The French ships were beaten and driven to take refuge in the bays of Cherbourg and La Hogue. Three of the best anchored off Cherbourg, where they were found and burnt to the water's edge, and it is from one of these (the Royal Sun, The Admiral, or the Conquerant) that the cannon has just been recovered.

#### My Brave English Sailors

As to the ships that reached La Hogue, these were regarded as safe enough in shallow waters, but Russell filled his light-draught boats with sailors and swept in, setting the ships on fire and so paralysing the French and Irish gunners that they could do nothing.

The story runs that James himself stood watching this final blow to his ambitions, the death knell of the Stuarts on the English throne, and remarked, "See my brave English sailors," recalling those happier days when he had led them to victory.

## How Many Are Idle in Your Town?

The fact that nearly two million people are unemployed seems to have made little impression on the public.

It is to be feared that our minds are becoming subdued to the accustomed colour of life; we have ceased to be surprised, and do not worry enough to be shocked.

But we ought to be shocked. Let us see what it means to various towns:

Bradford .. 19,775	London .. 241,056
Bolton .. 12,685	Glasgow .. 83,461
Norwich .. 7,735	Cardiff .. 13,416
Liverpool .. 81,412	Sunderland 16,449

We might greatly extend the list, but it is long enough to make our point. If these figures represented the entire populations of towns they would mean big populations, for each unemployed person may be said to stand for three dependents. Take such a figure as Bradford's, multiply by three, and we get 60,000, the population of a fair-sized town. To think of Bradford having some 20,000 people on the dole is a bitter reproach to our civilisation.

*We must not allow ourselves to get so accustomed to a bad thing as to think it rather a bore to have it mentioned.*

## The Great Seal of England

The Lord Chancellor has a new treasure in his keeping, the Great Seal of George the Sixth, which has just come gleaming from the Mint.

Modelled by Mr Kruger Gray, this solid silver object is used for sealing all



the great documents of State and is the emblem of their royal authority. Edward the Confessor had a Great Seal, and William the Conqueror had one made when he ascended the throne, establishing a custom which has never been allowed to cease; even Cromwell had one struck.

Our picture shows one side of the new seal, the King on horseback in the uniform of a Field-Marshal.

## This Week's Book

The book offered by the Editor for the best letter asking for a book has been awarded this week to Miss Pamela Sargent, of 12 Wetherby Place, London, the book asked for being Stanley Weyman's *Under the Red Robe*.

The Editor will send a book each week in response to the best letter written asking for one, the only condition being that the reader must enclose a slip with the name and address of a new reader who undertakes to buy the CN for at least one month.

## Honest John

Honest John Collins, Father of Blackpool Town Council, who has lately passed on at 83, needs no epitaph. He was looked upon as a living advertisement for Blackpool's wonderful air, so ruddy and energetic was he; in fact, he was called the perpetual-motion mayor during his span of office.

## IDEA THAT MADE A NEW WORLD The Pneumatic Tyre

Just over fifty years ago a middle-aged Irish veterinary surgeon, John Boyd Dunlop, invented the pneumatic tyre for bicycles.

It was an example of the saying that necessity is the mother of invention, for the veterinary surgeon's need was for something to save the bumping of his dog-cart over the rough Irish roads. The inspiration came from watching the progress of his small boy's hard-tired bicycle. Why not a tyre inflated with air?

He made one, a very rough first attempt, and this first pneumatic-tyred bicycle ran 3000 miles without a puncture. It put bicycling on the map.

Today millions of cyclists in England ride millions of miles on the pneumatic tyre, and the motor-cars fitted with the same invention run thousands of millions more.

Thanks to the pneumatic tyre millions of ordinary people know more of England than any king of England in old days.

The pneumatic tyre has made a new rubber world, fed by the forests of the Congo, of South America, Malaya, and the Far East.

It has speeded up the car, the motor-lorry, and the motor-bus; it has ascended to the skies with the aeroplane.

All this because a hard-worked veterinary surgeon found the Irish road a hard road to travel fifty years ago.

## OUR VISITORS LAST YEAR The 1600 Not Wanted

Over 80 people flying to England were refused permission to land at Croydon last year.

Altogether 1677 aliens were refused permission to land in this country, but the number of foreigners actually arriving for holidays and business visits was well over half a million, about a thousand a week more than in 1936. It is presumed that the increase was because it was Coronation year.

## Transformation Scenes in Australian Deserts

Vast desert areas in the centre of Australia have been turned, almost in a night, into inland seas of fresh water.

Cloudbursts have inundated the land, and every old dried-up river-bed can be clearly traced because the water is speeding along above it faster than elsewhere. Cattle have been drowned in hundreds, and passengers on the railway to the health resort of Alice Springs, in the very centre of Australia, were marooned for eight days before a plane was able to land on a dry spot and take them on to their destination.

Yet these copious rains have brought a great happiness to the few settlers in this desert region, for it will be long before the sands have swallowed up Nature's overlavish gift.

So deep have been the floods that not only the railway track but the telegraph line linking Port Augusta with Darwin has been broken, so that wireless was the only means of communication. The splendid aeroplane service of the Commonwealth, however, came to the rescue of the beleaguered settlers, and pilots dropped welcome supplies of food for man and beast from the air.

## Wireless in the Alps

Wireless has come to the rescue of winter sport enthusiasts in distress.

In Switzerland a mountain corps has been organised, with both men and girls among its members, each of whom carries a short-wave radio when setting out to the rescue of those who are injured or lost.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

Last week the CN saluted Scout Gerald Wyatt for his great courage: this week, with much regret, we have to record that he has passed to where immortal heroes are.

Owing to the great flames arising from a celluloid brush much damage was done at a house in Nelson the other day.

It will soon be possible to reach Paris in an hour by Imperial Airways.

The cries of a man who fell down a well at Broughton Astley, Leicestershire, were heard by a neighbour in time for his life to be saved.

Since the expansion of the R.A.F. began in 1935 more than 4500 pilots have been enrolled.

Sir John Anderson, home from his Bengal Governorship, has been elected M.P. for the Scottish Universities.

The Trooping of the Colour on the King's official birthday in June is to be televised.

In less than one week 1400 miles were flown by Northern and Scottish Airways on air ambulance work.

Between June 14 and August 15 Londoners will be able to reach the Arctic Circle in a day by a new Finnish Air Service operating from Lapland to the Arctic.

Four new stamps, said by some philatelists to be the most beautiful in the world, are soon to be issued by the Canadian Government.

The London Missionary Society is seeking homes for 30,000 collecting-boxes and the Methodist Society for 50,000.

To ensure that the new litter bylaws are carried out, plain-clothes police will mix with the crowds at Southsea during the summer.

The Imperial Airways liner *Centurion* landed at Karachi, having completed the first "by air only" mail from England, and carried 200,000 letters, posted for the first time for three-halfpence.

## THINGS SEEN

A rose tree in full bloom at Southsea last month.

A motorist driving in Dundee combing his hair at the mirror with both hands.

An unemployed man giving a jug of tea to a pavement artist at Hyde.

## THINGS SAID

The Earl of Derby has never made a bet. Lord Derby's Private Secretary.

Gibraltar is now a den of pirates, but fortunately it will not be for long.

General de Llano of Franco's army Without imaginative life a nation would perish. Sir Kenneth Clark.

Dictators are transient things. Lord Horder.

You cannot take £40,000,000 from wages and devote it to football pools without legitimate trade suffering. President, Nottingham Chamber of Commerce.

All the potential aggressors in Europe see Britain's strength hanging above them like the sword of Damocles. M. Paul Reynaud.

The Government does not believe that a catastrophe must come. Sir Samuel Hoare.

America is about 20 years behind Europe. Dean of St Paul's.

I have been to hear the Bishop of London preach, and he has hit me in the eye; I must be ordained.

Quoted by the Bishop of London from Dick Sheppard's diary for 1902.

Say mother, not mater. Mr Justice Greaves-Lord.

I have never seen an undergraduate in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Mr Howard Whitehouse.

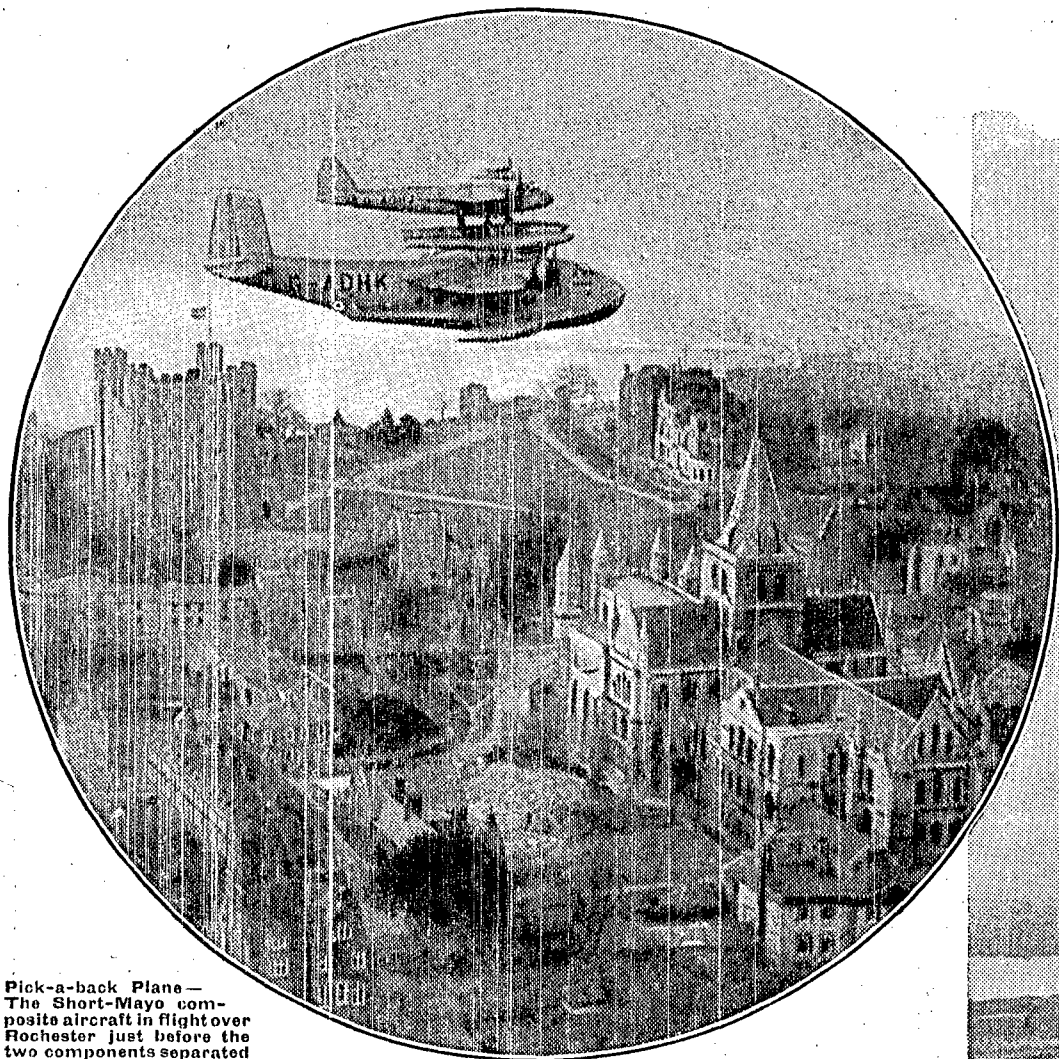


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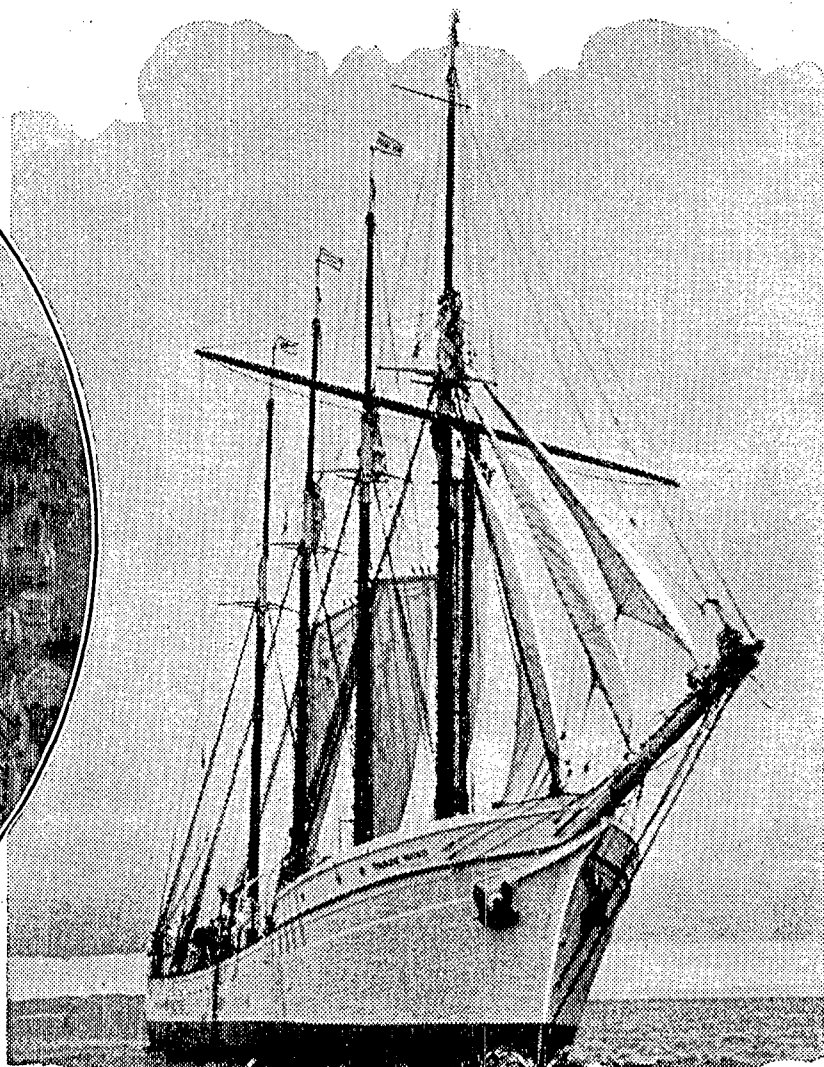
*The Children's Newspaper*

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# Ships of the Airways • Housework For Men • Sunshine & Shadow



**Pick-a-back Plane**—The Short-Mayo composite aircraft in flight over Rochester just before the two components separated during recent tests



**Sailing Ship For the Airway**—The four-masted schooner Trade Wind which carries fuel and other supplies to Pacific bases used by planes of Pan American Airways



**Sunshine and Shadow**—The pleasing effect of the spring sunshine in the arcade of the Shell-Mex building on the Thames Embankment in London



**Housework**—Men from distressed areas being trained for domestic service at St Michael's Grange, Tenterden, in Kent. Posts are eventually found for the men



## HE BRINGS TO LIFE THE OLD MELODIES

Arnold Dolmetsch

That dear and famous musician Arnold Dolmetsch is 80, and has lived to see his ancient musical instruments back in the fashion.

More than forty years ago he conferred on the music of the old English composers, like Byrd, Greene, and Purcell, a second life by playing their compositions on instruments with which they were familiar. The virginal, the clavichord, and the harpsichord were the predecessors of the modern piano; and the airs of Beethoven and Mozart, or the themes of Bach, were framed by their assistance.

### Delightful to the Ear

Other instruments were in the orchestras of these giants, and Dolmetsch was familiar with them. More than that, he could make as well as play them, so that the old masters of music, if they had lived again to hear him, would have listened to the expression of their musical genius as they had expected it to sound. Limitations on the expressiveness of the instrument and its player there must have been, because the highest talent is required to interpret genius; but Dolmetsch's instruments and his playing were all delightful reminiscences of the real thing.

Delightful reminiscences they have remained for years, awakened now and then by Dolmetsch's own concerts, or by such an orchestra as that which played the occasional music for the revival of Gay's Beggar's Opera.

But now Dolmetsch's instruments are coming into their own again. At the Glyndebourne musical festival last year the piano was replaced by the harpsichord, and sounded so well, not merely at Glyndebourne but on the wireless when relayed, that the B B C has been encouraged to broadcast harpsichord music several times since.

### Clavichord and Virginal

Before the harpsichord came the clavichord, and before either Queen Elizabeth would listen to the virginals. The virginals are still antiques, but the harpsichord and the clavichord are now being made again, and musical people are learning for their own pleasure how to play them. The touch is not the same as that of a piano, but the sound has its own fascination and charm, as Dolmetsch has shown many a time in these last forty years.

His instruments, like his performances, are no longer antiques but modern productions, and musicians now pride themselves on having a Dolmetsch, instead of a Steinway, a Bechstein, or a Broadwood. Others are following in his train, and in London now are a constructor and a tuner of clavichords, who pay Arnold Dolmetsch the most flattering compliment of imitation.

His 80th birthday was honoured by a musical party at which the French Ambassador handed him the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and his family and friends of the Art Workers Guild sang and played his own compositions on his own instruments.

### In Two Places At Once

It is not often that the electrification of a railway means the loss of a post office, but this is happening to Houghton, near Worthing.

The Houghton Bridge post office is at Amberley Station and the booking clerk is in charge of both departments. He need not move hand or foot, as the saying is, to do his work; but he is in Houghton when his customer wants a postage stamp and in Amberley when asked for a railway ticket.

For 77 years Miss Sarah Hadlow has been a cook in the same family in Kent. She is 92.

## Prince of Crystal Gazers AND HIS WONDERFUL SON

ON the shoulders of Professor W. L. Bragg has fallen the mantle of Lord Rutherford.

He succeeds that magician of the realm of the atom at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, from which for twenty years the revelations of the fragments and nature of the atom proceeded under Lord Rutherford's direction. Every inquirer from every country in the world came to him for inspiration, and from the Cavendish Laboratory flowed a stream of discovery which fertilised inquiry on both sides of the Atlantic.

Such a Giant's Robe as that of Rutherford must be ample for any successor to wear, but Dr W. L. Bragg will not be overwhelmed by it. His researches do not follow the same lines as those of his predecessor, but are an extension of much of the work of his father, Sir William Bragg, O.M.

Sir William, who has been called the Prince of Crystal Gazers, employed the X-rays to disclose the arrangements of

atoms in crystals, and has proceeded from these studies to the anatomy of molecules and the disposition of the atoms in some of the more complicated.

This study has been applied by his son more particularly to the crystalline formations of minerals and the arrangement of atoms in minerals and their alloys. In this Age of Alloys Professor W. L. Bragg's work is laying foundations of future importance.

Sir William and his famous son are both Nobel Prize winners, and theirs is one of the most outstanding examples of the inheritance from father to son of scientific genius; and a rarer example of such genius bringing worldwide fame in the lifetime of both.

Cambridge has two other examples of this hereditary genius in Sir J. J. Thomson and his son Professor W. L. Thomson, both Nobel Prize winners; and in the case of Lord Rayleigh, former Director of the Cavendish Laboratory, and his son the present Lord Rayleigh.

## The Great Dome of 1000 Tons

ONE of the sad things in the unexpected passing away of the American astronomer Dr G. E. Hale is that he cannot now see the fulfilment of his dream, the great 200-inch telescope.

Besides being the foremost astronomer of the sun, he was the pioneer of America's big telescopes which have revolutionised the ideas of the size of the Universe. The 100-inch telescope on Mount Wilson was the outcome of his activity, but before that he had persuaded a millionaire to equip the huge Yerkes telescope of the Lick Observatory. From these immense knowledge has been gained of the constitution of the sun and the structure of the Universe. More is hoped from the newest telescope of all.

In California they are grinding the 200-inch mirror of the great new tele-

scope very slowly because they must grind exceeding small.

It will not be finished and in place before the end of next year, too late to catch the planet Mars this time at its nearest; but meanwhile they are getting on fast with the dome on Mount Palomar where the telescope is to be set up.

The dome itself has just been finished and its building covers half an acre of ground. The dome is 137 feet in diameter and is made of steel plate nearly half an inch thick in 100 feet to 200 feet squares. The moving portion of this steel dome weighs 1000 tons. Its inner surface is hung with aluminium-faced steel boxes, four inches thick, to protect the dome's interior from the heat of the sun by day, so that observations at night can take place at a steady temperature.

## A Missing 52 Millions

WE are such big buyers of goods from over the sea that the yearly bill for settlement is enormous.

Last year ships brought us £1020,000,000 worth of foreign and colonial produce, mostly food for our people and materials for our work. That was well over £3,000,000 for every working day in the year!

Paying for so many cargoes is a serious business. It is done by selling goods abroad, or by performing services for people abroad, such as carrying goods in ships, or by investing abroad capital to earn profit.

The exports of goods are all entered in books at our ports, but the services account is not so easily reckoned. The facts can only be estimated. The Board of Trade makes a calculation every year,

based on the best available information, and it tells us that last year we failed once again to pay for all our imports by means of goods and services. The shortage they estimate at £52,000,000.

It seems that in recent years British investors abroad must have sold out some of their holdings, and that by this means the balances of the debit years have been met.

This is very different from the position before the war, when in every year there was a big addition to British overseas investments.

A nation cannot for long continue to sell out overseas investments to pay for imports, and the position calls for serious attention. We must either reduce imports or increase the means of paying for them.

## The Bible That Came Back

WHEN a Stuttgart police team visited Nottingham two years ago to meet the city police team in a boxing match they took back with them a German New Testament.

It had been found on the battlefield of Ypres more than twenty years ago. Mr H. G. Parr, a Nottingham man, had recovered it from the body of a German soldier and brought it home. When the Stuttgart police team arrived he remembered that, written on its flyleaf, was the name Georg Soll, Stuttgart, and he therefore asked the visitors to see if its owner could be traced. At last the owner was found, and he still lives.

The story of how he lost the testament is as strange as its recovery. A shell fell near Soll, leaving him wounded

with most of his equipment blown away. The testament had gone with it. He never expected to see it again, but it must have been picked up by some other German soldier, who was himself killed. Now, after 20 years, Georg Soll has his testament again, and with it, as we trust, the hope that never again can it be left on the stricken field.

### Traffic Lights For Speeches

Chester City Council has adopted the novel plan of using traffic lights for speeches. At a meeting the other day a system of electrically-controlled lights showed green when a speaker rose to speak; when he neared the end of his five minutes they turned to amber; and, when his time was up, to red!

## PLANE WITH A BRAIN

On the Straight and Narrow Path

Planes without pilots come nearer and nearer; the fact that a demonstration machine crashed the other day does not really affect the future of these astounding devices.

These robots are, in order: a deviator automatically checking the machine's tendency to turn, to pitch, to dip, or to cant over on either side; an artificial pilot to keep the plane on the course set for it; a direction-finding wireless receiver; and, what is already employed on regular passenger planes, a homing device.

Taking the last first, the homing device is one which signals on the plane's wireless receiver the direction of a transmitting station. Knowing this, the plane's human pilot can check its course, and by means of his own wireless transmitter can exchange signals with stations and ascertain exactly his position at any moment.

The station with which such signals are exchanged may be any aerodrome with its own special call sign, or any broadcasting station which the pilot's knowledge enables him to identify.

In addition to these signalling arrangements there are others for approach to an aerodrome. These have already been described in the C N, and are such that the plane rides on a sort of wireless beam as it approaches home, and on the signalling board spots of light show whether the plane is above or below, to right or to left, of this invisible strand.

### The Deviator

These arrangements are not the same as those of the deviator and its accessories, which are almost comparable with a gyroscope, in keeping the plane on its way. Human interference cannot yet be altogether dispensed with, because the pilot may have to make small adjustments, and so must keep his eye on his robot assistant. For example, if the plane is on a wrong course the robot deviator cannot know it, and is in fact employed to keep the machine on the course set to it, right or wrong. The pilot must change course if necessary. The deviator cannot, and will not. Nevertheless, it is claimed that by rotating the aerial which is part of the homing device the machine can be made to turn.

The present advantage of the deviator is that it will keep a plane straight and steady as long as desired. This is of exceptional advantage in making photographs from the air.

Another advantage is that of keeping planes departing from busy aerodromes on their own lines of traffic; and the devices taken altogether are a promise of a day when they will do the work, with a pilot as a supervisor.

## Last Summer's Flowers Still Blooming

A professor of botany at Michigan University has found a way of keeping cut flowers fresh for months.

He showed some to a scientific congress in February which had not faded though cut last summer; but his way of keeping them is not one that can be followed by most of us.

First he dipped them in bromine water for about five minutes. This is rather a delicate operation, because the flowers must not be there too long, nor must the bromine be too strong. Then he planted the stalks in a sort of jelly named agar agar in which bacteria are nourished, and fed his flowers with sugar and salts. So treated, the flowers not only flourished but they even grew and struck roots.



## THE FIGHT FOR SIXPENCE AN HOUR

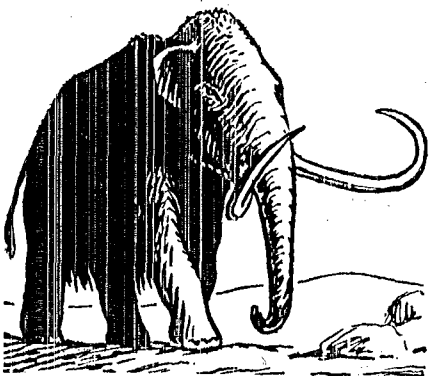
Our Minister of Labour has been visiting London Docks (as everyone would do if we could get to them more easily), and he found how great improvements had been made in the condition of the dockers.

There was good need of improvement. A generation ago the London docker struck work in a memorable labour dispute in which the forgotten John Burns, now a Privy Councillor, gallantly led the men to obtain them *sixpence an hour*!

Even as late as 1909, when the Port of London Authority was established, the dockers earned only 24s a week. Now they earn over 70s.

## A SUSSEX TRAVELLER IN THE ICE AGE

This is the C.N. artist's reconstruction of the Mammoth, one of the great creatures walking about the earth in prehistoric times. We have one more



witness this week that such creatures walked about in Sussex, for the leg bone of a mammoth of the Ice Age has been unearthed at Rottingdean and presented to Brighton Museum.

## BRINGING THEM TOGETHER

Papa Westray, the most northerly island in the Orkneys, is now linked by telephone with the neighbouring islands of Sanday and Westray, the people of all three islands being able to speak to each other, though not with the world beyond. Many of the people living on Papa Westray had never used a telephone before.

## A QUILT FOR AN OLD LADY

The folk of Owmby have been busy knitting. They have made scores of little rectangles eight inches by seven, and Mrs Birkett has sewn them together to make a patchwork quilt. A few days ago the quilt was given to Mrs Elizabeth Kirk, who has lived in the village, about six miles from Lincoln, for 80 years. The quilt was a birthday present, and the day it was given to Mrs Kirk was the one on which she was 100.

She has lived in one house for 68 years, and she was carried as a baby to Queen Victoria's coronation.

## A POCKETFUL OF TROUBLE

The other evening the Chief Constable of Blackburn, who is also head of the fire brigade, was presenting his report on fires to the Watch Committee at the Town Hall when suddenly he sniffed. There was fire somewhere, *very near*.

There was indeed. It was his coat pocket, set afire by a petrol lighter!

## THE GUISBOROUGH GATES

The boys of Guisborough Grammar School now enter school by a set of fine iron gates which have a story.

Eighteen months ago the boys decided that the school should have gates to commemorate the Coronation, and it was decided to run a tuck-shop in which a council of masters and prefects should take control.

The shop made a profit of over £100 from 3000 cups of tea, 2000 ices, 1000 packets of sweets, a ton of fruit, and miles of Turkish delight; and with the money received the gates were paid for. They were made at the Belmont Handicraft Forge in the village.

# A Tale of Two Friends

A **QUEER** dog story comes from an hotel in St John's Wood.

The hotel was long the home of Bob, a wire-haired fox-terrier. Bob had as a friend another wire-haired fox-terrier, so much like him that except for brown instead of black markings on his head one might easily have been taken for the other.

Friend Tim lived in Fairfax Place close by, and there was never a day when he and Bob did not enjoy each other's company.

Not long ago Bob fell ill. Unable to go out of doors, he lay on a rug by the fire, and every day Tim went to visit him. One day Tim arrived to find the

rug by the fire empty. Bob had died, but Tim lay down on the spot where Bob had slept for ten years, and no one could drive him away. When he was forcibly pushed out of doors he returned to Bob's place as soon as he could. He did everything Bob had done, even accompanying the maid up to the hotel proprietor's room every morning, as Bob had always done. Attempts were made to keep him at home in Fairfax Place, but it was impossible to do so, and at last his master gave him to the hotel proprietor.

He has been christened Bob the Second, and is now living happily in Bob the First's old home.

## THE WHITE BLACKBIRD

Snaith in Yorkshire has had a white blackbird for about five years. The bird has a nest in a hedge near the Carlton River bridge, and every Sunday morning people wander that way to see the odd-looking bird in flight.

## HOW BIG BEN BEHAVES

The actual performance of Big Ben as a timekeeper is shown in the report of the Astronomer Royal for last year.

It gives these errors of the clock signals, showing that it is only a second out about five days in the year:

Not greater than .2 sec.	..	118 days
.2 sec. to .5 sec.	..	105 days
.5 sec. to 1 sec.	..	49 days
Greater than 1 sec.	..	5 days

## WALTER STANDING GOES ON SINGING

Walter Standing is going on singing. He has been playing in the local band at Steyning in Sussex for 60 years, and is now going to retire from it, for he finds he cannot go on playing in the band and singing in the church, which he has been doing for 65 years.

He is 85, but that is young compared with the church in which he sings. It is one of the most impressive Norman churches in the land, and the sight of its wondrous nave takes the traveller's breath away. Walter Standing must often have gazed at the capitals of its great chancel arch, on which is spirited carving of lions with their tails joined together, and figures of men grasping the stems of trees. It has been said that England has no richer Norman work.

## THE STAMP HE FORGOT

Stamp collectors will wish they had the good fortune of a small collector who has just found a stamp he put away in a cupboard 36 years ago, and then forgot. It is a 1902 King Edward inland revenue stamp and was bought for 15s. There are only 20 of them, and now they are worth a small fortune, one having been sold two years ago for £800.

## THE FLOATING LABORATORY

At Port St Mary in the Isle of Man lies a reconstructed herring drifter.

She is being overhauled, while two professors prepare reports and examine instruments. Some time this summer the drifter will spend a month in the Irish Sea, and only the fiercest gales will drive her to port. A party of research workers, headed by the two scientists, will study tides and the friction caused by layers of water. This will be the third summer given by Professor Proudman to this work, and by its observations he hopes to complete this important survey. The party will take turns, night and day, in watching their delicate instruments.

## A CONCRETE STATION

The first concrete railway station in the Manchester area has come into being at Bowker Vale, where the electric line to Bury crosses Middleton Road. It belongs to the L.M.S.

Reinforced concrete awnings cover the platform, supported by slender concrete pillars. No bricks have been used except for walls.

## FIRE-ENGINE, FIRST CLASS

Blackpool, seaside town of big ideas, has a fire-engine de luxe—and her fire chief, Mr Varley, has designed it. It can go at 70 m.p.h. From its observation chamber, all glass, a policeman half a mile away can be warned of its approach, and crowds can be warned off in a voice reaching far and wide. The engine has its own electric generator, and portable telephones each carrying half a mile of wire. There is a kin-camera, artificial breathing apparatus, oxy-acetylene jet, and mechanical non-conducting apparatus for handling electric cable. Three hoses can throw water at 700 gallons a minute, and there is a canteen for hot drinks!

## THE KING IN HIS TOP-HAT

A Queen Anne "touch piece," a coin given to a sick person by the queen who had touched him for healing, has been sold for £3 15s at a London auction room.

Another rare coin sold was one showing a king in a top-hat. He was James the First, who has the distinction of being the only monarch ever to have his ordinary hat on a coin.

## THE BIRD HOSPITAL

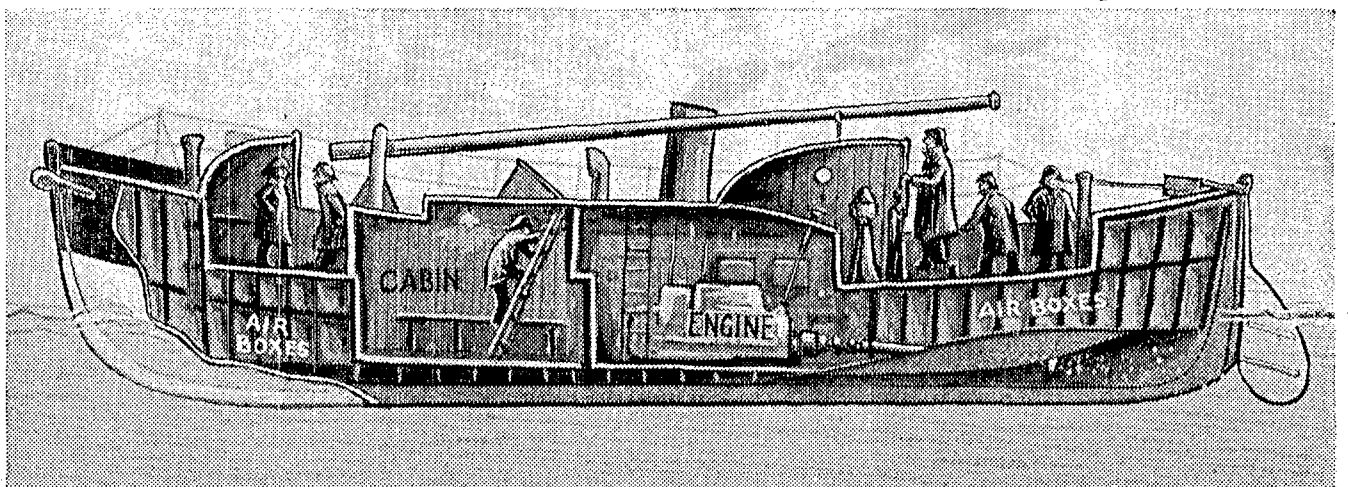
The bird watcher and member of the British Empire Naturalists' Association at Limber, Lincolnshire (Mr R. May), has formed a bird hospital for treating wild birds disabled through crashing into telegraph wires and in trying to avoid cars. He has now nearly 40 birds in the various "wards" of his hospital, and among them are two owls: a barn owl which had to have a drooping wing amputated and a pathetic looking little owl with a club foot.

## SIMPLE SIMON

Simon, a coloured man who has been working high up on a factory building at Woodstock, near Capetown, is a simple fellow, apparently with no delicate complications about his system. At any rate, he can resist violence which would shatter most of us to bits were we to encounter it.

He was working on scaffolding projecting from the building when he fell on to a space 45 feet below, just 3 feet 6 inches square. To the astonishment of the onlookers, Simon picked himself up and calmly went on with his work. He was quite all right, he said, when the builder questioned him, and though he was sent to a doctor for examination he was found to be perfectly fit and well.

# The Wonderful Lifeboat of These Days



In the gales of this winter there have been an exceptional number of calls for the lifeboats.

Round our 5000 miles of coast the Lifeboat Institution maintains a fleet of about 170 boats, mostly motor-driven. Each one is of a type and size suited to the conditions of the coast on which it is stationed. We show above a sectional view of a 45-foot twin-screw lifeboat which has a cabin for passengers and sheltered cockpits for the crew.

The two 40 h.p. engines are in a watertight compartment; but the engines are

watertight in themselves, so that they would not stop working even if the engine-room were flooded and the engines completely submerged. The air intakes are well above the water-line. The propellers are in tunnels on either side of the keel to protect them from possible damage. The top speed of the boat is more than eight knots, and it carries 108 gallons of petrol, sufficient for about 116 miles. It is electrically lit and carries a searchlight.

The hull is built with a keel of teak, ribs of Canadian rock-elm, stem and

stern posts of English oak, and a double skin of mahogany. The boat is divided into seven watertight compartments, and a considerable proportion of the interior is occupied by 142 air boxes, which would give the boat a high degree of buoyancy even with a number of holes pierced below the water-line. In rough weather this type of lifeboat can safely hold 95 people.

Nothing is left to chance in this wonderful craft, for with all its efficient design and modern equipment it has mast and sail for emergency.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 12 1938

## 1000 Millionaires

THOSE august gentlemen who sit at Somerset House and count up the taxes paid by our people have issued figures from which we may gather that there are now about 1000 millionaires among us.

So many people want to be rich that we may well ask ourselves what great riches can add to life. The truth is that, while it is a proper aim to possess the means to give comfort to those we love, great wealth can do little or nothing to add to our happiness.

If we think about it carefully we find that the material comforts of life, a happy home, good food and clothing, the means of recreation, can all be commanded by a moderate income. Even if we have £1000 a day we cannot buy better food than if we have £1 a day. A very rich man can only wear one pair of boots at a time, or sit in one chair at a time. The finest film that is shown is no better for a millionaire than for the humblest sitter in a sixpenny seat.

As for housing, rich men find the old-style mansion or palace a troublesome and useless thing. It causes its owner a vast amount of trouble, and he has to employ a big staff to keep it in order and a steward to manage the big staff. That is why, all over the land, we see big houses abandoned and turned into popular club-houses or charitable institutions, to house not one rich man, but a lot of needy people.

To put it in another way, for every pound added to a big income less personal satisfaction can be obtained from the addition. If a man has two pounds a week to live on an extra pound a week means a great gain; it changes discomfort into a measure of comfort. But if a man has £100 a week the addition of one pound is of small consequence.

That is why social observers hope for a more equal distribution of wealth. It is better for a nation to be chiefly made up of comfortable people than to have a few rich and many poor. And for all of us, as individuals, it is well to aim at comfort, but it is not well to aim at the building up of great fortunes.

### Time

When as a child I laughed and wept,  
Time crept;  
When as a youth I dreamed and talked,  
Time walked;  
When I became a full-grown man,  
Time ran;  
As older still I daily grew,  
Time flew;  
Soon shall I find in travelling on,  
Time gone!  
O Christ, wilt Thou have saved me  
then?  
Amen



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter, House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### A Proud Badge

THE Warden of Toynbee Hall suggests that when our boys and girls reach 21 they should be invested with a badge of citizenship to mark their coming of age and to give them a proper sense of pride in their heritage.

It is an excellent idea; our times call for the inculcation of a proper pride in existence. It is a great thing to be a citizen of no mean city.

"Life is real, life is earnest," said a poet much neglected now. Good it is to shoulder care with a light heart, but the realities of existence call for great earnestness.

### The Winds and the Pools

IT is believed that the high percentage of good health so far this year has been due to the very strong winds which clear the air and prevent the accumulation of germs.

May we hope that they will dry up the football pools?

### Frederick to Ephraim

IT seems that Germany was not always so anxious to get rid of the Jew; there was a time when Berlin would not let him go.

We take this from the files of the Morning Post 150 years ago:

During the life of the late King of Prussia a wealthy Jew, who was tired of living at Berlin and had made frequent application for leave to quit that place, which he dared not otherwise attempt, at last sent a letter to his Majesty, imploring permission to travel for the benefit of his health. The King sent the following answer immediately to the Israelite, in his own hand:

Dear Ephraim,  
Nothing but death shall part us.  
Frederick.

### Baby and the Opera

A REMARKABLE story in the annals of opera is the addition to the Opera House at Rome of a nursery to enable people with babies and no servants to attend the opera while their infants are cared for.

### The Meanest Man

THE meanest man in the world, after all, is not the Sandwich man who carries his board upside down when he is off duty, or the advertiser who spoils the countryside to benefit his pocket, or the Litter Lout who spoils it for decent people wherever he goes. It seems that there is a depth deeper than these have reached.

The meanest man ever heard of yet is a tramp at Valenciennes who, while another tramp slept, stole his wooden leg to make a fire with.

### Japanese Exports

Toys for British babies.  
Bombs for Chinese babies.

### Bravo, B B C!

THE B B C is to be congratulated on its constant efforts to increase the value of its school broadcasts.

Take for example the new policy of introducing Shakespeare to children by bringing to the microphone talented actors and actresses to perform scenes from the plays.

This is as good for the artists as for the children. The artists gain a fresh audience of the greatest value to actors who love their work, while boys and girls gain immeasurably in the recital of English at its best.

We know of nothing more deplorable than that in 1938 our greatest poet should be unknown to the mass of our people.

### THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

STIRLING has the proud record of only one road death in three years.

KINGSTON is selling its German gun as scrap in aid of the British Legion.

NEARLY £60,000 has been raised since autumn towards the London Missionary Society's deficit of £76,000.

### JUST AN IDEA

As you look out on the world remember that as a rule the worst is much more in evidence than the best—but that is not to say there is more of it.

## Five O'clock

By The Pilgrim

GRANNY's wonderful chair has been brought up to date.

A few days ago we were in a home where Joan Marian, who was four last month, had wonderful things to show us. There was a doll's house, a shop, a teddy bear, and a cupboard filled with toys. Joan talked while showing us her treasures, making up astonishing tales about them.

Suddenly she stopped, looked at the clock, and said, "Hush; it will go in a minute now." She hurried to the armchair, sat down, smoothed out her frock, and straightened her hair. The clock struck five, and within a few seconds the telephone bell rang. The little lady in the chair lifted the receiver, and said politely, "Hullo, Is that Granny?"

It evidently was. She sat listening for ten minutes, and then explained that Granny had not been able to go out for weeks, but every day at five she rang up and told Joan a story.

## Lighting-Up Time in the Country

TWILIGHT on the landscape falling;  
Tired birds and cattle calling  
Each to each; then darkness dawning  
Over every human-kind.

Shadows on the kitchen ceiling;  
Quaint, attractive, weird, appealing:  
Now withholding, now revealing;  
Wonder-pictures to the mind.

All the quiet moves to singing.  
Silence walks her sweet way, swinging  
Hallowed incense; God comes,  
bringing

Rest to fold and field and glen.  
Give me thoughts with which to bind  
me

To this precious life behind me,  
Till those happy scenes shall find me  
Back again with them. Egbert Sandford

### Not Afraid

By Lord Halifax

I AM not afraid of Italy or of any other Power that I know of in the world.

I am not afraid of war in the sense that I fear defeat, because I know the temper of this country and I know that this country would never embark on war unless it thought it both right and inevitable. I also know that, having embarked on war, it would not let go until, as usual, it had won.

But I detest war as every man of memory or imagination, natural affection, or even ordinary common sense, must detest the horror and havoc it brings to human civilisation. We refuse to hold our hands and merely drift along on dangerous tides.

### He Was There

Expecting Him, my door was open wide:

Then I looked round  
If any lack of service might be found,  
And saw Him at my side:

How entered, by what secret stair,  
I know not, knowing only He was there  
Thomas Edward Brown

## Under the Editor's Table



Peter Puck  
Wants To Know  
Why fast colours  
do not run

A CHEEKY child makes his mother feel small.  
She shrinks from his remarks.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know Is canvassing a trade or a profession? It is a calling.

NOTHING moves an audience more than good singing. Bad singing removes it.

REDECORATING the bath is not a difficult task. You soon get into it.

A MAN says he has a leaning towards plumbing. Perhaps he would fall for it if someone gave him a tap.

A LADY says she likes to give striking presents. Clocks?

BRITAIN might give the lead to the rest of the world. Some of it needs a chain.

A FILM story has been written around cotton. You can't lose the thread.



# THE ZOO THAT NEVER WAS

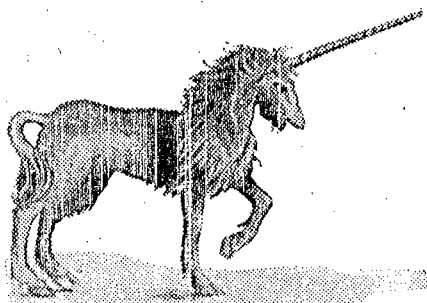
## But All the World Believed in It

ANYONE who has seen a unicorn has been asked to ring up the B.B.C.

They do not ask for news about the sea serpent, because, according to Commander Rupert Gould, R.N., it has been seen more than 200 times and at least a thousand truthful witnesses have said so. That is an average of five witnesses for one appearance of a sea serpent.

When Sir William Flower was the Director of the Natural History Museum one of these periodical appearances of the sea serpent cropped up, and was so well attested by some of these truthful witnesses that we went to ask him what he thought about it. Sir William replied that, because the ocean was so vast, and many of its creatures so strange, there was nothing impossible about the existence of such a monster. But, he added, in all the years since sea serpents had been reported no fragment of one had been dredged up or cast on any shore. If such a fragment had appeared the naturalists would have been readily able to identify it for what it was.

What the truthful witnesses mean is that they thought they saw something which might have been a sea serpent, and they were confirmed in their belief because the story of the sea serpent is as old as that of the dragon or the mermaid. Old stories are like old soldiers: they never die.

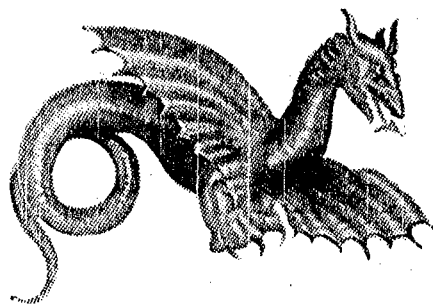


The Unicorn as it was supposed to be

But, unlike old soldiers, they never fade away. In the Middle Ages our forefathers delighted in Bestiaries—books which described strange unknown animals—and in one of them a sea serpent is drawn destroying a fine ship. When once that kind of beast is let

loose in a book everyone is on the lookout for it, and as time goes on the wonder grows, because there is no human weakness more common than the desire to tell a good story.

The Indian Rope Trick is an example. Ever since an Arabian storyteller invented the fable of a man climbing a rope thrown up into the air people have come forward to say they have seen the



An Imaginary Flying Dragon

trick performed in India or elsewhere. They may have thought they did, but if they imposed on themselves, none of them has ever brought forward a scrap of evidence that would impose on a parish council.

Our bygone forefathers who took their ideas from Bestiaries were better justified, because the known world was then so small, and the unknown so untravelled, that they had not the knowledge to sift truth from myth. They adopted these mythical monsters out of the love of wonder which springs up in the minds of all of us, in all times and at all ages.

There was the unicorn, for example, about which the B.B.C. is asking. An early Bestiary says of it that it had one horn only in the middle of its forehead, and was the only animal that would venture to attack the elephant. That description might fit the rhinoceros, and we may observe, as an example of the credulity that never dies, that today powdered rhinoceros horn is sold as a medicine in the Far East.

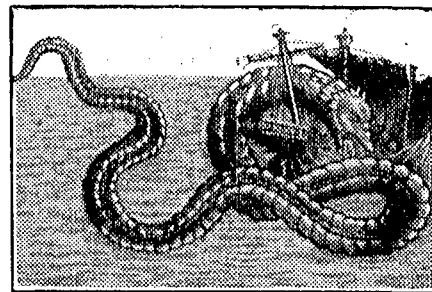
But the unicorn, although so fierce, could be caught by a hunter who dressed himself in a girl's clothes, perfumed for the occasion. The unicorn would then approach, lay his head in the supposed maiden's lap, and fall asleep, the hunter being able to vanquish it by pulling out

its horn with one powerful effort. In proof of this fairy tale the horn of the unicorn was produced! One such horn was seen at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and a great price set on it. We know now that it could have been nothing else than the spiral horn or tusk of the narwhal; but the unicorn manages to impose itself as a sacred symbol among the sculpture of Gothic churches, and as a spirited creature on the royal arms of England.

Taken altogether, the unicorn was a not ungentle beast; but what are we to say about the dragon or the basilisk? It is sometimes said that the legends about dragons arose from their real existence in the childhood of man. But the Age of Reptiles, when some such creatures may have been, or when the archæopteryx (a primitive bird reptile resembling a flying dragon) soared above the trees, had vanished away millions of years before man walked the earth. It is possible that some of our ancestors may have seen the komodo, or giant lizard of the East, a specimen of which was brought to the Zoo; but it is more likely that the only dragon known to history was a crocodile.

Whenever a traveller's tale brought news of some strange animal the popular fancy enlarged on it, or even invented a creature none had seen. There was the basilisk, for example, a glance of whose eye would kill a man; and the griffin, which had the head and neck of an eagle a hundred times enlarged, and the body of eight lions, with talons as long as the horns of an ox. Sindbad's roc, which carried him off in the Arabian Nights, was a canary compared with the griffin.

Everything in these old tales of long ago was wondrously magnified. The whale might seem to be big enough for



An old picture of a Sea Serpent attacking a ship

anybody. There is one now being built up in the Whale Gallery at the Natural History Museum which makes it plain for all to see that the big whales are bigger than any creature that ever walked the earth, even the terrifying dinosaurs of the Age of Reptiles. But it was not big enough for the writers of the Bestiaries. They described it as more than 960 feet long and 480 feet broad. As long as the Queen Mary, it would have displaced four times as much water. Sailors could light fires on its back, but, able to rise above the clouds, the whale could drop down again to sink any ship it fell on!

And there were far more grotesque flights of fancy than these. There was the gorgon, a sort of giant armadillo with the tail of a serpent, the head of an ox, and a breath of poison; and there was the kraken, which was the most terrible of sea-beasts, far worse than any sea-bishop. The sea-bishop's appearance was alarming, as we may see from the ancient pictures, but it was the kraken which did the damage. Its back measured a mile and a half round, so that unsuspecting mariners mistook it for an island. But it had arms as long as masts, and with them could seize a ship and pull it down beneath the waves, creating such a whirlpool that any ships near by were sucked down.

It was a Norwegian bishop who invented the kraken, and we may now charitably suppose that he built up the legend after being frightened by a very big cuttlefish. All these beliefs seem childish to us now, though less harmful than the belief in witches.

But, while we may scoff at them, we ought to remember that there are still among us people willing, and even anxious to believe in the most ridiculous stories about fabulous wonders, spiritualism and astrology among them. They have less excuse than our ancestors, because the real wonders of the world are everywhere about them, and we know better.



The Sea-Bishop

## The Slave Trade of Old England

IN one of the interesting extracts now appearing in the Daily Telegraph from the Morning Post of 150 years ago it was stated that the British Government from 1750 to 1770 spent more money on the Slave Trade than on any other trade.

The figures this article gave were incredible, and can hardly have been true, for it was stated that in every attempt to supply the Colonies with slaves a hundred thousand must perish before one useful individual could be found.

The figures are unbelievable, but they remind us of the astounding traffic in slaves which was then going on under the British flag. It is strange and terrible to reflect that while Wesley and Whitefield were riding through England, preaching to the people the Brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, British ships were carrying millions of people from their homes in Africa, chaining them between low decks with no room to raise their heads, and landing them as slaves in the New World.

The spirit of the knight of Queen Elizabeth who chose a manacled Negro for his crest lived on in England, and nobody seems to have thought it a hideous thing. Queen Anne had come to the throne when England drew up what we must describe as one of the most terrible documents in human annals, giving to us, as the prize of a successful

war, the monopoly of the slave trade for thirty years. For a few shillings per head our ships carried slaves in thousands to the Spanish colonies in America, and in the eighteenth century more than three million African Negroes were sold into slavery. So deliberate was the policy by which one race sold another race for gold that Parliament threw the slave trade open to all, and refused to tax it even to maintain the ports which defended it. Great English families owned slaves, and thought it right.

John Wesley must have seen again and again, in shop windows, handcuffs and iron collars sold for slaves; chains of slavery were openly bought and sold. Between the birth of Shakespeare and the death of Wesley about six million slaves were shipped from Africa to America, and in the eighteenth century alone 250,000 were thrown into the sea, either alive or dead, from British ships. *It took far longer to abolish slavery than the League of Nations has had to abolish war.*

## No Waste in Germany

Cardboard containers in which to put scraps of food, and on each of which is a pig and the words, "I eat potato skins, vegetable scraps, meat and fish scraps, bones, and eggshells," are in every German household.

## The Car in the Sahara

THE dreaded Sahara has lost its terror. Tourists cross it once a week.

Two routes have been opened for them by the French. The eastward route, starting from Algiers, crosses the Ahaggar Mountains and leads over the desert to Kano and Fort Lamy. The westerly way passes Colomb Bechar and passes due south along the meridian, over the Tanezrouft to Gao on the River Niger.

Now is the time to start, for both routes are closed from the end of May to the beginning of October by the French authorities, who insist on the most careful precautions for the safety of travellers who take their own cars for the journey. All cars must be fitted with balloon tyres, and must carry shovels, planks, and wire netting for dealing with soft sand on the way. Eight days' rations and five gallons of water must be taken for each passenger in addition to water for the radiator.

It will be gathered from this list of precautions that the way is not easy. There is, in fact, no road, not even a track of an unmistakable kind over the Sahara, either east or west. Some parts of it are much roughened by the passage of heavy lorries. In other parts it is far from straight and circumstances have driven travellers to vary the way. On the westerly route across the

Tanezrouft there are tin sheds painted white every seven miles, though a good many have been blown down. On the easterly trail from the Ahaggar Mountains the track is marked by stones set up by the side of it and sometimes by cairns of them. Moreover, the journey by either route is not so solitary as might be thought. In the first place there are during the travelling months regular services, once a week or once a fortnight, worked by two French companies, and travellers who are not venturesome may go by them. They even find rest-houses, or hotels, about 300 miles apart, at some of which they can get shower-baths. At others the accommodation is not quite so luxurious. At Bidon, 310 miles south on the Tanezrouft route, there are only two disused motor-bus bodies, with six berths for sleep, no food supplied, and water at two francs a pint.

Adventures may not be many, and the scenery may prove monotonous, but the experience is rare. To prevent it from being dangerous, every traveller by his own car has to take out a breakdown insurance contract, and deposit 5000 francs before he starts.

But rescues are becoming unnecessary; and the only other warning to the traveller across the Sahara is to take plenty of blankets. The nights are cold.



# THE SUN SHINES ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS

SUSSEX is rejoicing over the saving of 12,000 acres of the South Downs; perhaps such a stroke of good fortune will help the campaign for saving Salvington.

While Sussex delights in the saving of a group of lovely villages, Kent is threatened with the destruction of the villages of the Darent Valley. Thus England goes: here a piece of countryside is saved; there a piece is lost. We deal with the Darent Valley villages in the columns opposite; here we look at a few of the villages now safe for all time on the Sussex Downs.

## Friston

It has one of the most beautiful peeps in Sussex of the sea that has made us what we are, a glorious glimpse of blue through a dip in the downs. It is Birling Gap.

Its church has stood high on the downs by a pond since Saxon and Norman days. In the wall is a tiny Saxon window blocked up, made before glass was used; and there is a built-up Saxon doorway.

A small place full of charm indoors and out, it looks out across the hills. All about it are fields with curious names, Fridays, Buttons, Duddles, Conie Warren, Butcher's Hole, and Crowlink Down, which runs from the church to the sea.

The church has one of the most charming interiors in Sussex, not quite like any other we know. When these downs were an impenetrable forest men cut down the timbers here and moulded these splendid beams that bear up the roof and run round the walls.

In a small chapel lie the Selwyns, who lived at Friston Place in Shakespeare's day. Very odd they look in this fine tomb with painted grasshoppers creeping up the sides.

One owner of Friston Place gave the church its chief treasure, an extraordinary chair. It is made of black oak and covered with extraordinary figures, dolphins with their tails encircling a human face, a queer little man with a staff, one of those imaginary basilisks that struck terror to men in the Middle Ages.

## East Dean

It nestles snugly in the downs, its peace cross on the green and little gardens in front of its cottages. Its church lies in a hollow with a lovely tower apart from it; it is thought the tower may have been the first temple here. Its walls are three feet thick and were probably made by the Saxons.

The font is one of the best in Sussex. Half of it is old and half is new; half of it has been up at the roof and half of it down in the sea. One day some men on the roof found the western half under one of the beams up there. They went down to the sea at low tide and dug up a green boulder from under Beachy Head, and on it they completed the Norman design of the bowl.

The waters creep so near to the church that old Parson Darby used to run down to Birling Gap to hang lamps in a cave to warn the mariners.

## Jevington

It lies in the shadow of the hills crowned with the graves of ancient Britons, and hidden in one of its lanes is something of the England of a thousand years ago, something older still.

It is the magnificent tower, 18 feet square inside, which the Saxons started and the Normans finished. In it the Saxons set two small windows, arched with bricks the Romans left here centuries before.

The most impressive thing Jevington has is a fragment of sculpture as old as the tower. It is set in the wall above the door, having long been buried under the floor. There it was found 150 years ago, apparently an image of Christ thrusting a staff into a serpent's mouth, some crude Saxon artist's conception of the victory over evil.

## West Dean

It may be that there is nothing quite like it, a child among villages in one of Nature's favoured cradles. We ride on the edge of a basin and see it lying down below—the little Norman tower, the ancient priest's house made to look like new, the lovely Charlestone manor farm, the walls of a ruined manor house, a dovecot, a farm, and a pond. It is an astonishing place to reach after the marvellous stretch of downs.

Very quaint is the Norman tower, with the queer gable on the west. Most of the church is 14th century. In this small place a magistrate of the days of Charles Stuart kneels in his magistrate's robes, with his wife in a veil, under an arch adorned with gilded cherubs.

The old flint rectory by the church is one of the oldest inhabited houses in Sussex, more ancient-looking inside than out. It looks out on the neglected ruins of an ancient house which must have been a great place when the priest's house was new.

There is a white horse cut on the top of the downs not far away, not so old as Alfred's horse on the Berkshire Downs, though here we are on land where Alfred is said to have met Asser the monk, who helped him with his studies, wrote his life, and died as Bishop of Sherborne.

## Lullington

Is there anywhere a simpler shrine than this small room hidden on a hill among the trees in the Cuckmere Valley? It has a small white tower to help us to find it, and 22 chairs for those who come on Sundays.

It is not the smallest church in England, but it is small enough, and we can well believe the story told of it. It is said that a very small curate preached here one Sunday from the words "Jesus wept," that there were twelve people present, and the collection amounted to eighteenpence, the little curate thereupon remarking that it was the smallest church, the smallest parson, the shortest text, the smallest congregation, and the smallest collection he had ever heard of.

## Alfriston

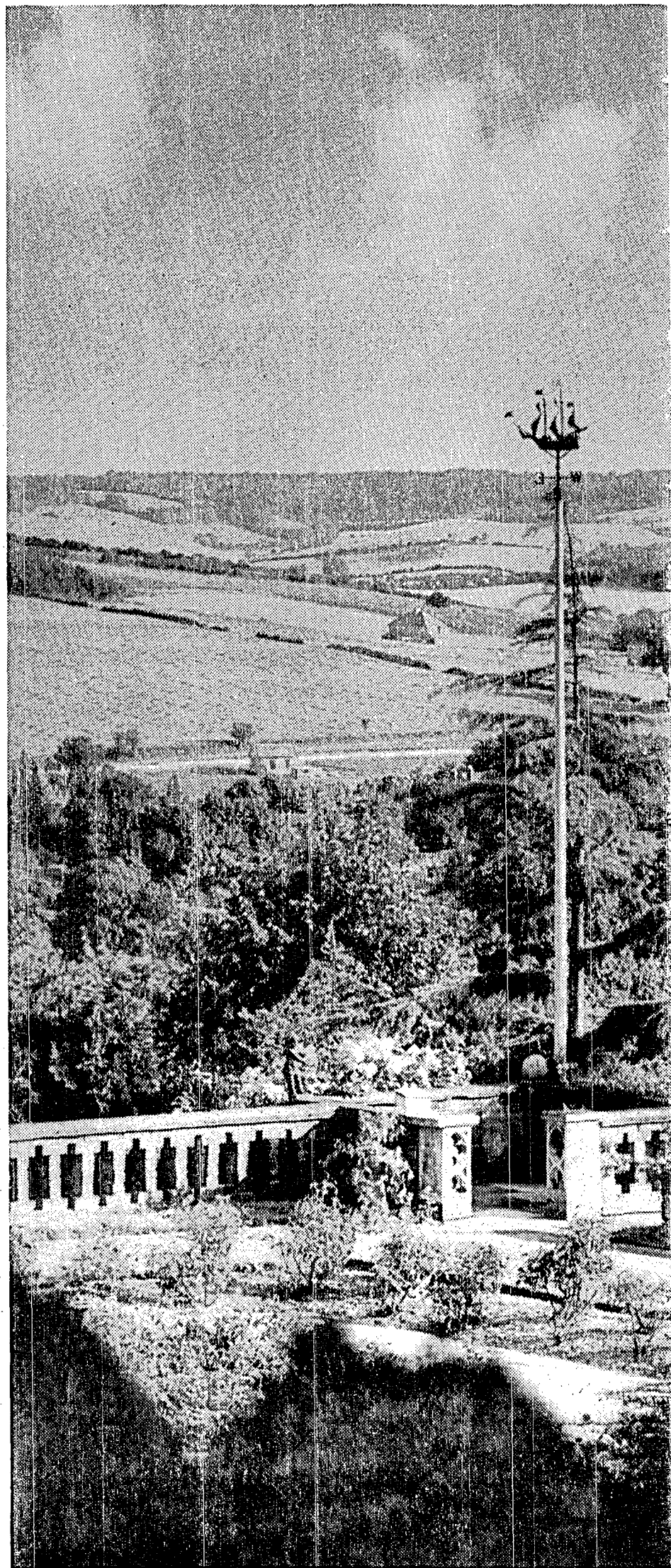
Its visible beginnings are in that Saxon mound on which its old church stands. Before the village built its sacred shrine the forefathers of Alfriston were brought here for their last sleep.

By the old mound is the great green, and at the end of it, in the shadow of the church, is the old wattle-and-daub rectory, built in the 14th century, and now secure for all time as a National Trust. We may walk freely into its great hall.

The fine old street of Alfriston, leading to the market cross that is fading away, has one of the oldest inns in England. We must believe it has come down through the ancient history of the monks, for it has a carved angel inside and the sacred monogram; but it is the front of it men stare at most.

Here for about 400 years quaint wooden figures have been looking out on this street, keeping their colour through wind and sun and rain. Like a sentinel stands the huge red lion from some wrecked ship, as if guarding the little gallery of painted figures that have watched the life of Alfriston pass by for generation after generation.

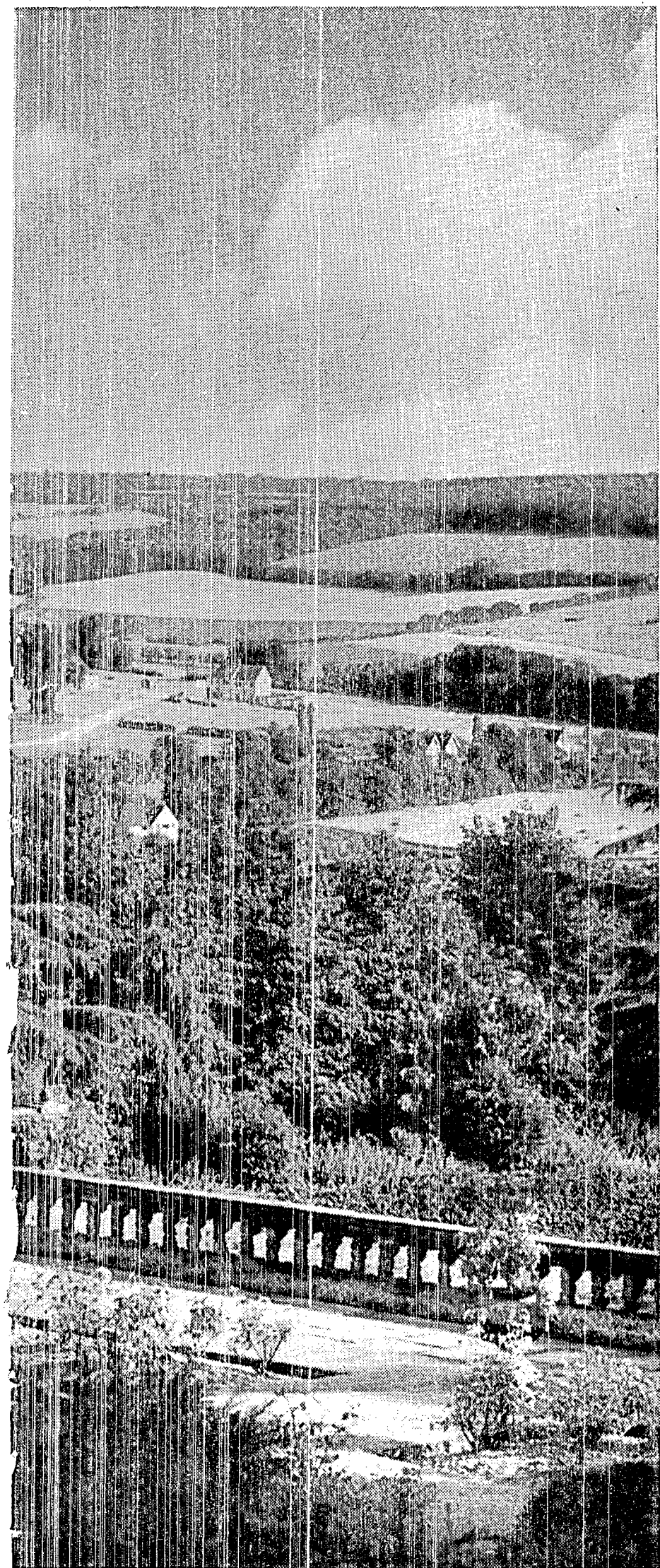
# The Threat to a Jewel



This is a dip in the hills of the Darent Valley, with a model of the Golden Hind looking down from the Editor's hilltop on all this glory so near to London. Long before Wilbur Wright flew an Englishman was gliding in these hills, and but for the crash of Percy Pilcher's glider it is almost certain that this would have been the



## of London's Green Belt



birthplace of the Age of Flight. A little way from this scene William Blake used to sit on the banks of the river. He came down here from London and would stay at Shoreham in a house still standing by the river. Who can say that it might not be this valley that came to his mind when he wrote of himself piping down the valley wild?

# THE SHADOW FALLS ON WILLIAM BLAKE'S VALLEY

Is it not time that this country, more closely packed with beauty and history than any other country in the world, made up its mind whether there are any limits to the sacrifices it is willing to make to the god of Speed?

For months there have been incredible rumours that the Ministry of Transport is planning the destruction of a matchless Kent valley an hour from Charing Cross. We have made William Blake's Jerusalem a second national anthem, with its pledge to guard our green and pleasant land, yet it is the green valley Blake loved and lived in, the scene in which he would go "piping down the valley wild," that is now menaced for a road that nobody needs.

It may not be believed, but it is true that when this evil thing is done the gain to the motorist will be a saving of five minutes.

### The Wonderful River

It has probably not occurred to the men who plan our roads how wonderful the Darent Valley is, with its little river running from the birthplace of Wolfe at Westerham on a 12-mile journey to the Thames. The "silver Darent" was the delight of Edmund Spenser. William Blake would sit on its banks a thousand times. It is possible that its waters put their quality into the paper for Shakespeare's First Folio. There is a main road all the way, sufficient for the valley's needs, smaller roads in the hills, and scores of lanes that are one of the glories of Kent. This road that would destroy seven miles of this valley is like a rude knife through a string of villages which should be preserved for ever for their beauty and their place in history.

At Polhill the road leaves the great road to London and enters Otford, where the Romans lived, where Offa King of Mercia fought, and after him Canute, and where still stands the tower in which Cranmer would sit writing the Prayer Book. The road will run past Saxon Sepham, past Filston's moated farmhouse, and through Lord Mildmay's park to Shoreham, a place with a continuous life of 15 centuries, where John Wesley would preach at five in the morning with William Blake asleep in a cottage close by. In the church are portraits of the Borretts, whose alliance with the Polhills united the blood of Cromwell, Ireton, and Hampden.

### The White Cross on the Hills

This speed road will pass the white cross brooding over the silence of the lonely hills in memory of the men who died for what these hillsides meant to them, and on it runs to Lullingstone, 600 acres of delight with a group of 500-year-old oaks and the little white church on the lawn of Lullingstone Castle, where Lady Hart Dyke's silkworms spun the silk for the dazzling Coronation robes.

On it goes to Eynsford, past the castle deserted since its lord was filled with remorse that the feud against Becket began within these walls; past the church with the doorway through which Becket forbade the

Norman lord to pass; past the Little Mote by the river and the hilltop looking out on the highest point in Kent; past all these and on to Farningham, its mill, manor, farm, and church making up our famous English group, with a chestnut standing by as fine as any at Kew. Now the road runs into Farningham Wood, piercing the Green Belt again, and through the orchards it picks up the road it might have taken seven miles back.

### A Mile of History

On its way it will have spoilt the Darent Valley. Strange that this valley should be murdered in the name of Speed, for at its Dartford end rose the first machine to rise by its own power, and in the middle of the valley are the little hills which but for the crash of a glider might have been immortal as the birthplace of the Age of Flight. The dip in the hills which missed this immortality is on a short line of history unequalled on the map of rural England, a straight mile running from the site of a Roman house, past a Norman castle, through a Saxon graveyard, on to Lullingstone's Tudor gateway. Roman, Saxon, Norman, Tudor, it is an impressive journey the little Darent makes.

And all this beauty at the South Gate of London, all this witness of history, this symbol of the English spirit which drew William Blake from London to live among it, is menaced to save the car a little turn left and a little turn right and a distance of two miles on its way from Polhill to the Thames. It is said that the road will cost £200,000. It will spoil Green Belt sanctuaries on which £50,000 has already been spent. It will rob the toiling millions of London of a wonderland within easy reach by bus, car, or train, or even by Mr Shanks's pony.

### Is Beauty Nothing?

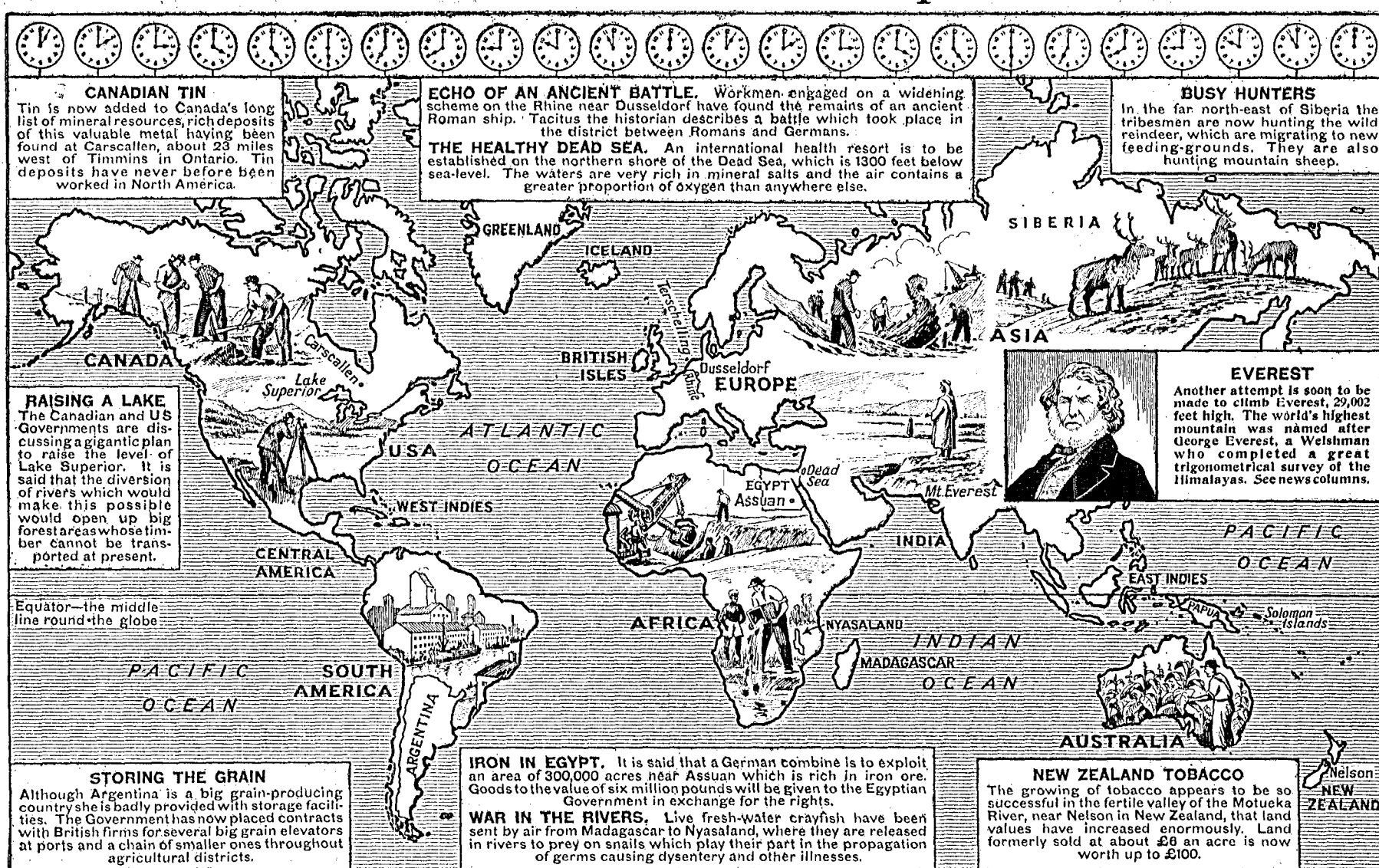
Is all this beauty nothing? Is it all to be flung away for a form of transport which has revolutionised our lives in 40 years, but in 40 years may be revolutionised itself? Who knows that the car will dominate us all in another generation? Are we to bequeath to the future nothing but lines of white concrete where we found green fields? We found the country inhabited by people who loved to walk about it; are we to leave it nothing but thousands of miles of roads where walking means death to thousands every year?

There is not a public body in Kent in favour of this road. There are few people who would not think it an act of folly and a fortune wasted. It is to save five minutes that this monstrous thing is planned; a man must drive like a Juggernaut through these moving scenes that English folk have loved for 1000 years.

Perhaps it is blasphemy to ask that a car should slow down a little in sight of this jewel of London's Green Belt; but the Darent Valley makes no imperious demand on any car. It asks that the car should take the other road, sufficient for the needs of all who come, and leave this paradise alone.



# CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



## GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

Hugh Carmichael, mate of the Cape Chelyuski, a trawler which voyages from Hull to the cold seas round Bear Island, heard a cry "Man overboard."

A blizzard was raging, the blinding snow sweeping across the ship as she lurched among tremendous waves. The skipper steered the ship in a half circle, and Carmichael, slipping off his sea-boots, tied a rope round his waist and plunged into the sea.

The water was so cold that no man could bear it for more than a few minutes. Carmichael managed to swim to his friend Sydney Poskett, with whom he had gone to school, and after taking hold of the drowning man he himself became unconscious. Unfortunately Poskett sank, but Hugh was afterwards pulled back to the ship, and, though it was long before he regained consciousness, he is now well again. He had risked his life for his friend.

## Papua's Pioneers

A police post has been established by Lake Kutubu in the west of Papua, the first step in civilising the wild natives of this district. The lake is in the uncontrolled area of the country, a territory of 13,000 square miles where no non-official white man is allowed to penetrate. The exclusion rule is strictly enforced to ensure that the natives come into contact with good influences from the beginning, and only recently has Australia allowed aeroplanes to fly over the district.

## School For Six

The children of Gorton Siding in the Highlands are to have a new kind of school. It is a railway carriage, with room for 20 children, though only six will attend classes there to begin with.

## A Famous Name on the Map

It is one of life's little ironies that the man with the most imposing monument on the face of the earth has been forgotten.

Who remembers the Everest who gave his name to the highest mountain?

George Everest was born in 1790 in the county of Brecknock, among the mountains of South Wales. He went to school at Marlow, finished his education at the Woolwich military academy, and at the age of 16 was sent to India as a cadet. He had a remarkable knowledge of mathematics, and his great opportunity came when, while still a young man, he was chosen by Sir Stamford Raffles to make a survey of the island of Java.

For some years he was engaged in important engineering and surveying work in various parts of India, and it was all carried through with such diligence and skill that at 40 he was appointed Surveyor-General of India. About ten years later he completed his

great task of making a trigonometrical survey of the Himalayas, in the course of which he fixed the position of the highest peak. It seemed to have no native name so it was called Mount Everest.

It was characteristic of this industrious man with a mathematical mind that when he retired to England he occupied his leisure in publishing a voluminous book with the extraordinary title: *An Account of the Measurement of Two Sections of the Meridional Arc of India Bounded by the Parallels of 18° 3' 15", 24° 7' 11", and 29° 30' 48"*.

He was honoured by many learned societies, and the queen made him a knight. He died in 1866.

If we should have occasion this year to hail the triumph of the latest expedition to the earth's summit, let us spare a thought for the pioneer of a century ago whose valuable lifework of mapping India was so lacking in spectacular incident that he has slipped out of the world's memory.

## Hope For the Lofty Elm

It seems that we need not despair of the green banners of the lofty elm, which mean so much to the English landscape.

The elm disease, that fungoid growth which has spread so widely, is not beyond control. Some forms of the elm are more readily attacked than others, and it is hoped, by raising stock from resistant species, to replace the many trees that have perished. In some places half the elms have perished, and there is much replacing to do. The Forestry Commissioners are at work on the subject, which is of real national importance. If any of our readers are planting elms, let them obtain the Wheatley variety, which is officially reported to be the most resistant to the deadly fungus.

## Will the Lutine Come to Light?

Everyone knows that the Lutine bell rings from time to time at Lloyd's, but not everyone may recall the fact that the ship itself lies near the island of Terschelling in the North Sea, its hold weighed down with treasure valued at more than £1,600,000.

It was in 1799 that the Lutine went down. The bell was brought up in 1859, and since then it has rung at Lloyd's whenever a missing ship is found. Now the management of the Billiton Tin Company hopes to raise the wreck with the aid of a huge dredger. Work is expected to begin next June; and all the world will be interested to see if the ship belonging to the bell will be seen again.

## 125,000 LETTERS TO HIMSELF

A traveller now on the sea has spent five months in sending letters to himself.

He is Mr E. L. Hilier of London, a stamp dealer, now on his way home after five months in the South Seas. During that time he has travelled 30,000 miles and spent £5150 on Coronation stamps, which he posted home to himself. He used 125,000 envelopes bearing half a million stamps, and they will be waiting for him when he gets home.

In Papua Mr Hilier bought 40,000 stamps, in New Guinea 50,000, and in the Solomon Islands 135,000.

Mr Hilier also obtained many of the rare Papuan penny stamps which show a halo round the head of King George, and the New Guinea fivepenny stamp bearing a double impression.

In his search for Coronation stamps Mr Hilier has visited remote islands by air and sea, at a cost of £1250.

What thoughts must pass through Mr Hilier's mind when at last he sets foot on his own threshold and finds 125,000 envelopes, written by himself to himself, waiting!

## The Pacific Islands

The French Pacific Islands are to be policed by one sergeant-major and four gendarmes instead of two sergeant-majors and seven gendarmes as hitherto.

The French Government has decided that this reduced force is ample to keep order among 40,000 people living in 1500 square miles of territory.

## Fish News

In order to learn all about their migration and growth, mullet bearing tags are to be released off the coast of New South Wales, and any fisherman catching one will be paid the value of the fish.



## WASH AND BE CLEAN

### The Order of the Bath

An amusing story reproduced by The Times from its files of a hundred years ago told how a lady stayed in her bath too long.

The bath, filled with hot water, was carried into her apartments in Paris, and so pleasant did she find this luxury that when the porters who had brought it returned an hour later to fetch it away for another customer she refused to budge.

After another wait they returned to the charge, and, being again rebuffed, were so imprudent as to enter the lady's apartment in search of the precious bath-tub. For this act of boldness they had to pay in a court of law before which the affronted lady summoned them.

### The Bold Dean

The tale drew a similar one from another correspondent who recalled the incident of porters carrying a bath to Paris apartments at a much later date than 1838. The bath was hired for an hour or two and was then called for; and the business of carrying it up and down flights of stairs when filled with hot water can be imagined.

Both stories make us realise how modern an invention is the bath with water to turn on. A lady with a famous name told us that at the family seat in the Midlands, a historic old place, there was only one bath in the house when she was a child in the middle of last century. It was about this time that Dean Buckland preached in Westminster Abbey a sermon with the text "Wash and be clean!" and raised a storm of remonstrance for want of delicacy in the pulpit.

It was possibly Sir Edwin Chadwick who began the modern Order of the Bath, which before his time was more honoured in the breach than the observance. Those who did take a daily bath usually made it a cold one, with water poured into a hip bath; or a flat sponge bath. These certainly lasted in many houses till late in the 19th century. There were no baths, except these, in any Oxford or Cambridge college between 1880 and 1890, and the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street was without a running-water bath when the war began.

### The Secret of a Long Life

We are certainly a much cleaner people than a hundred years ago, and in the seventeenth century too much water by day was viewed with the same distrust as too much fresh air at night. About the earlier centuries we had better not inquire too closely.

But we may conclude with a story told to the writer by Sir Isaac Holden, famous for his invention of the common match, and for living till nearly 100 years. When asked about the secret of his long life he would give many particulars about what to eat and what to avoid, but he always concluded, "Above all, not too many baths!"

## More Gas in the Electric Age

This is often called the Electric Age, yet more gas than ever is being used.

This, at any rate, is the experience of the Gas Light and Coke Company, which supplies a vast area of Greater London. Last year the company supplied three and a quarter million therms more than the year before, and created a new record. Never had there been such a big increase in the number of new gas appliances. In 1937 no fewer than 274,000 were installed. The company has more than 1,650,000 accounts on its books, including 47,000 new users of gas last year.

The slot gas-meters remain popular, and during the year 700 million pennies and 25 million shillings were collected in them.

## HE PUT NELSON ON HIS COLUMN

We all look up at Nelson as we cross Trafalgar Square. The man who put him where he is was born 150 years ago this week.

It was on March 10, 1788, that Edward Hodges Baily came into the world, son of a carver of figure-heads for ships.



A Bristol boy, he wasted his time at school, where he seems to have done nothing but carve portraits of his schoolmates, but he took up sculpture and was one of Flaxman's pupils.

Success came early. He sculptured beautiful groups, winning fame with a statue of Eve at the Fountain. He made busts of Charles James Fox and Lord Mansfield, and those who sat for him included his old master Flaxman, and Byron, and the Duke of Wellington. It was he who sculptured the reliefs on the south side of the Marble Arch, but his chief contribution to London is his great figure of Nelson.

The figure is the height of three men, and is in three pieces, its biggest piece weighing 30 tons. The column on which it rests is made of solid granite blocks brought from Devon, and is 184 feet high, half the height of the Cross on St Paul's. On the platform on which the pedestal rests 14 men had dinner before the scaffolding came down.

## The Vanishing Horse

However much we may love horses (and it is a love natural to mankind), it is impossible to regret their passing as beasts of burden.

In ten years there has been a heavy fall in the number of horses in this country. In 1924 it was 1,700,000; in 1934 it fell to 1,150,000, and is probably less still today.

Germany's horse population fell in ten years from 3,810,000 to 3,407,000, while French horses fell from 2,927,000 to 2,774,000. All these figures exclude army horses. The British loss is greatest, the French the least.

## Louisa May Alcott

There passed away fifty years ago this month an American author to whom English-speaking girls the world over are indebted for hours of fascinating reading.

She was Louisa May Alcott, who was born in Germantown in 1832 and died at Boston on March 6, 1888. As a young woman she was a teacher. She had first-hand experience of the American Civil War, and a book of Hospital Sketches by her attracted considerable attention. But it was Little Women which made her famous.

## Three Good Things

Some excellent items appear in the work records.

Our British artificial silk factories are doing better than ever, and we are glad to say that the make of staple fibre (the spun artificial silk described in the C N of January 1) is rapidly increasing.

A very different material, steel, is also doing well. In January there was a record output of 153,000 tons, the best figure for the month ever recorded.

Yet another good thing in January was a rise in the building plans passed by local authorities.

## SPRING FLOWERS

Who does not love the flowers that bloom in the spring? They appear like heralds, proclaiming the brighter days.

Violets and snowdrops, hyacinths and crocuses, daffodils in our gardens and celandines in the woods, are they not all children of the morning, telling us once again that when the winter storms are over we shall have the sunshine and its welcome warmth?

Who among us comes upon the first celandine of the year without thinking of Wordsworth's poem?

*There is a flower, the lesser celandine,  
That shrinks like many more from cold  
and rain;*

*And the first moment that the sun may  
shine,*

*Bright as the sun himself, tis out again.*

One of the brightest and earliest of wild flowers, its golden stars are found on nearly every green bank and under every hedge.

### Favourites of the Poets

Violets and snowdrops, "little ladies white and green," have always been favourites, especially with the poets. James Montgomery called the snowdrop the morning star of flowers. Thomas Hood speaks of the violets as veiled nuns, and Robert Herrick thought of them as maids of honour waiting upon spring.

However cold and rough the weather may be there are certain to be hyacinths filling our houses with fragrance at this time of the year. We love to see them by the window or on our table, and as we breathe their perfume we think perhaps of the Greek story of Hyacinth, son of a Spartan king, who was killed by a quoit flung at his head, his blood springing up as a flower.

### Echo and Narcissus

The wild hyacinth from which our garden flowers are descended belongs to Greece and Asia Minor, the home also of the great narcissus family, which includes the daffodils. Again the Greeks, who ever loved a story, tell of the beautiful Narcissus, the son of a river god. Echo fell in love with him, but he was so much in love with his own reflection that he pined away while looking at himself in a stream, the spot where he died being the birthplace of the first narcissi.

It would not be spring if there were no daffodils, the daffodils that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty. With their green spears and yellow stars and golden trumpets, they are among the loveliest of all our flowers. Wordsworth rejoiced to see them fluttering and dancing in the breeze, and Herrick wept to see them haste away so soon.

### The Yellow Crocus

Once again the Greeks have a legend, for they used to say that daffodils were as white as narcissi till Persephone bound them round her head. The moment Pluto appeared to carry her down to the underworld the daffodils became yellow, and yellow they have ever since remained.

Even the crocuses of many colours may preach a sermon with sweetest looks, for there is a legend (Longfellow reminds us of it) that Jesus, as the King of Bethlehem, wears a yellow crocus in His diadem.

## MAN'S RISE INTO THE SKIES

### The Complete Story of Flying

The conquest of the air is perhaps the most vital fact in modern life. It has changed the world with a speed that has characterised no other invention.

The railway, of course, made things different and opened up the world, but it took three-quarters of a century to do so. Aircraft has come to a high state of proficiency in little more than a quarter of a century, and in the last few years it has reduced the size of the world by bringing the most distant and inaccessible places within a few days' flying time.

Seeing what an important part the conquest of the air now plays in our lives; we cannot fail to be interested in the men and the machines performing such wonders.

The most up-to-date work on the subject is Wonders of World Aviation, for this valuable work is just being issued in weekly parts at 7d. In the first part, beginning with Leonardo da Vinci's famous prophecy, "The human bird shall take his first flight, filling the world with amazement, all writings with his fame, and bringing eternal glory to the nest whence he sprang," are described various attempts to make a heavier-than-air flying machine, till at last the Wright brothers succeeded in doing what men had long dreamed of as a possibility. Another chapter explains in word and diagram how an aeroplane flies, and then we read of the wonders of parachute landings, and (latest wonder of all) the Short-Mayo composite aircraft.

In this book every phase of aviation will be dealt with by those who write with authority, and the book will form the most complete record of the conquest of the air that has yet been published. Ask your newsagent for Wonders of World Aviation, Part One.

## Competition Result

In the C N Competition Number 46 the three prizes of £1 each were awarded to Eileen M. Steele (age 7), 38 Cooldarragh Park, Belfast; John T. Wiseman (age 10), 1 Brunswick Place, Aberdeen; and Joan Mitford (age 13), Knutsford Road, Rode Heath, Stoke-on-Trent.

The 30 prizes of five shillings each were awarded to the following:

9 YEARS AND UNDER. A. M. Boyd, Gosforth; Betty Bryant, Portsmouth; Daphne Crowe, Totnes; Anne Handford, Corsham; David Harle, Portsmouth; Molly Hayter, Leigh, Kent; John Hutton, Filton, near Bristol; Sheila Kirk, Jacksdale, Notts; Alan Makepeace, Crook; Margaret Whitlam, Andover.

10 TO 12 YEARS. Geoffrey Allen, Goodmayes; Margaret Barnes, Rossendale; Georgina Buchan, Glasgow; Florence Champion, Grays; Margery Clayton, Bradford; Hugh Kerr, Windsor; Roy G. Kirby, Bristol; Dorothy Lane, Bolsover; Geoffrey Mandale, Penrith; Rosalie Tribe, Holloway, N 7.

13 TO 15 YEARS. R. M. Allan, Slindon Common, near Arundel; Linda Bellis, Wrexham; Katherine Cruikshank, Duffield; Betty Day, Crayford; Sheila Maguire, Kenton; Kathleen Orton, East Dulwich; Frank Overend, Sutton-in-Craven; Jean Rushton, Bradford; E. Scurrah, Bradford; Esther Tomlins, Brighton.

The correct answers were:

1 Wire fence post. 2 Knitting needle. 3 Wheelbarrow. 4 Gate. 5 Policeman's truncheon. 6 Rugby goalposts. 7 Clothes peg. 8 Chair. 9 Croquet mallet. 10 Egg cup. 11 Match. 12 Aeroplanes propeller. 13 Bowls ball. 14 Porter's trolley. 15 Candlestick. 16 Casement window. 17 Badminton racket. 18 Skewer. 19 Drumstick. 20 Water butt.

In printing the C N a comma was omitted between the words FLUTE and GATE in the list given with this competition, thereby causing some confusion. Allowance was made for this in judging.

## The Village Pump

A village in Essex has lost its pump and is very sad about it. It is a village near Chelmsford called Sandon, and its pump, which stood on the green for centuries with the houses gathered round it, has been removed because the water is impure.



## What does the knife say to the steel?



### The Reasons why MEAT NEEDS MUSTARD

- 1 **MUSTARD EXCITES APPETITE.** The fresh tang of Mustard on the palate makes your mouth water. It sets the salivary juices in action and the first stage of digestion is started at once. All later stages of digestion depend on this.
- 2 **MUSTARD SIMPLIFIES DIGESTION.** By breaking down rich, indigestible fats and breaking up the long fibres of lean, Mustard makes the task of digestion much simpler.
- 3 **MUSTARD QUICKENS DIGESTION.** Mustard stimulates the digestive juices of the system. The more generous the supply of these juices, the quicker and more complete is your proper digestion of food.

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This wonderful offer includes a stamp depicting the Egyptian King who was married a short time ago, also Montenegro, Ukraine, Sets of Australasia and Czechoslovakia, Philippines, old Canadians, etc. Finally, the magnificent set of 25 different Soviets featuring rare overprints, large imperials, pictorials, sickle and hammer and famous Bolsheviks. To the first 500 applicants we will include also a useful ruled **DUPLICATE ALBUM**. All absolutely free. Just send 2d. post, requesting approvals and free 1938 Catalogue.  
**LISBURN & TOWNSEND (G.N.), LIVERPOOL.**



## HOSPITAL FLAG DAYS

### The New Plan Justified THREE OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL

There are three days that everybody living in Greater London must remember this year, for on those days he can show his appreciation of the sensible course our hospitals have adopted with regard to Flag Days.

Two or three years ago the police authorities said it would probably mean a bigger collection for the hospitals if they collected in the streets of London and its suburbs as one unit instead of individually, each hospital on a different day. Even the most generous began to say that the Flag Days were a nuisance, coming every other day, it seemed.

Last year 108 hospitals joined together in a week's effort, with the result that a higher total was contributed. This year 135 hospitals are to participate, and London must not let them down.

Tuesday, May 10, has been allotted to the hospitals of Inner London; May 14 (Saturday) to suburban hospitals, and October 11 to Special Hospitals, a group including hospitals for children.

The C.N. hopes that this year the total of £32,500 raised last year will be greatly exceeded. In some cases it has been an act of faith on the part of a local hospital to come into the common scheme, and it is for everyone to justify that faith.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

An interesting song lesson will be given next Monday by Dr Armstrong, and on Thursday Mr Smolka will give an account of the planning of country and town in Russia. The Gipsies on the Common should be another interesting broadcast on Thursday.

### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Producing Better Fruits: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 A Song Lesson: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Courting Time in the Tree-tops: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Book Talk: by Desmond MacCarthy. 3.0 The Bassoon: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 A Man of the Renaissance: by Hugh Ross Williamson. 2.30 The Defence of Animals: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Studio Concert.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Russia—Regional Planning: by H. P. Smolka. 2.5 Our Village—The Gipsies on the Common. 2.30 Furniture and Clothes: by J. Elise Gordon.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Mungo Park: by Clifford Collinson. 2.55 Play—An Irish Legend. 3.15 Next week's broadcast music.

### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors (Short o): by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11. Speech Training for Juniors (Tongues at Work): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.5 Salmon Fishing: by W. J. M. Menzies. 2.30 Dramatic Reading from the Bible: by W. M. Clyde.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Biology—Missing Links: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—Notes and Rests: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Sunshine and Rain: by R. J. D. Graham. 3.5 The Friends of the People: by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Giant Farms in a Great Plain: by Alexander Muir. 2.55 As National.

## The Turkish Girl

When Turkish girls in secondary schools in Ankara were asked the other day what careers they would prefer, 127 wanted to be professors, 19 to be doctors, and 14 aviators, but only one wanted to be a housewife.

## THREE PLANETS CLOSE TOGETHER

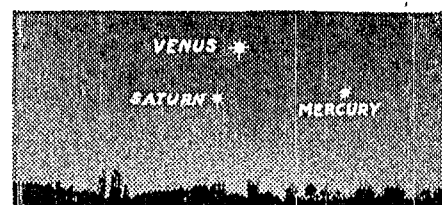
### Jupiter Now in the Morning Sky

By the C.N. Astronomer

The radiant world of Venus may now be seen low down in the western sky soon after sunset.

At the end of next week she sets about an hour after the Sun, and so the time for observation will be short, though Venus will be unmistakable notwithstanding the twilight.

As Venus sets about twenty minutes later each week she will soon be much easier to observe, and later on will be a resplendent object, the glory of the evening sky during the summer; for she is gradually coming nearer to the Earth, and therefore becoming brighter. Now



The relative position of Venus, Saturn, and Mercury in the west on Friday, March 18

Venus is about 150 million miles away, but three months hence she will be at only half this distance.

Venus will be a considerable aid in finding Mercury, which will soon be favourably placed for observation. If the sky be very clear down to the horizon on any evening toward the end of next week it will be possible to see Mercury. Soon after sunset on March 18 he will be in the position shown in the picture, and between four and five times the Moon's apparent width away from Venus, with whom and Saturn he will present this striking arrangement. On the previous and succeeding evenings these planets will be arranged slightly differently, but still close together, Mercury's motion relative to the other two planets being toward the left and approaching the level of Venus.

The presence of Saturn indicates that we shall not see much more of this far-distant world for a few months, and this may be the final glimpse we shall get of him before he vanishes in the sunset glow to far beyond and behind the Sun.

### Six O'Clock in the Morning

Saturn will appear at his nearest to Venus on March 18, when he will be only twice the Moon's apparent width below Venus, much less bright and not even equal to Mercury. Field-glasses or even opera-glasses will greatly help in perceiving both Saturn and Mercury through the twilight glow and mists usually present near the horizon. Saturn is now almost at his faintest, owing to his great distance, about 955 million miles.

The morning sky is also becoming of interest owing to the presence of the rising Jupiter, which may be seen low in the south-east. At present he rises about an hour before the Sun, so Jupiter will be best looked for just before six o'clock.

As in the case of Venus, Jupiter is now getting nearer to us, and so will become brighter and better placed for observation, rising earlier by nearly half an hour each week. At present Jupiter is about 535 million miles away, but in five months' time this will have been reduced to 373 million miles, when he will be at his nearest to us.

Jupiter is therefore apparently coming nearer at an average rate of rather more than a million miles a day; actually it is our Earth that is approaching Jupiter. He will, however, be nearer to us this year than for many years. G. F. M.

The number of Canadian Scouts is now mounting up to a hundred thousand.

A Cambridge lecturer declares that 20 years ago an average boy used 800 words whereas now he uses 2000.



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## FIRE OVER ENGLAND

### Danger in the Forests

The Salford Fire Brigade was called out a few days ago to deal with a field of blazing grass threatening property near Kersal Cell, the spot where John Byrom wrote his famous Christmas hymn, Christians, Awake!

The only damage done was the burning of stubble; but the fire, which might have had disastrous consequences, reminds us that the cold days of a dry spring may be as dangerous as the hot days of July and August. The winds of February and March dry grass and brushwood in a few hours, and only last week we saw miles of the Derbyshire and Cheshire hills on fire.

The Forestry Commissioners have just issued from Whitehall a warning which tells us that the season is now at hand when a burning match carelessly thrown aside may set up one of those conflagrations which periodically devastate the countryside. The warning adds:

*It is not generally realised that a few hours of drying wind or sunshine can render the dead vegetation of last year dangerously inflammable, particularly after a period of frost. Dead grass, gorse, and heather are never safe in February, March, and April unless it is actually raining or snowing.*

*The greatest care should always be exercised in the lighting of fires on open lands, by hedgerows, and in the vicinity of plantations, and no fire in the open ought to be left until it is extinguished.*

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of March 1913

**A School Peace League.** We all love peace, and it lies within the power of boys and girls at school today to save the world from war. The future rulers of the world are now at school, and the world will be what they make it. If we grow up believing all the false things that have been said of the 'glory' of war, then war will continue to destroy the world and enslave the human race; but if we grow up believing the truth, that war brings suffering and ruin to all and glory to none, that it is a game which only madmen want to play, then war will cease.

## JACKO SCORES A GOAL

THE Jacko household was upside-down. Jacko had lost his football boots. And wasn't half making a fuss about it.

"Oh dear me!" cried Mother Jacko. "Why don't you put your things away where you can find them? They were new boots too!" she added.

As a last resource Jacko looked in the attic for them. He didn't find them, but

## HERE COAL BEATS OIL

### Central Heating in the Future

We were calling attention the other day to the growing use of oil for the central heating of houses in America, and were asking why so simple a method was not employed in this country.

Professor Rushbrook Williams, the well-known historian who has been so closely connected with the modern development of India, has been looking into this question and sends us some very interesting notes.

One reason, he says, why central heating is so popular in America is the length and severity of the winters, with their lower temperatures and fewer warm spells than ours. Oil is used in America because it is cheap, not because it has advantages over coal.

Recent improvements in coal-burning plants have made them as automatic as those burning oil, and they have the additional advantages of having no objectionable smell and no risk of leakage. To show that oil is very much more costly for this purpose than coal in this country Professor Williams supplies the following figures.

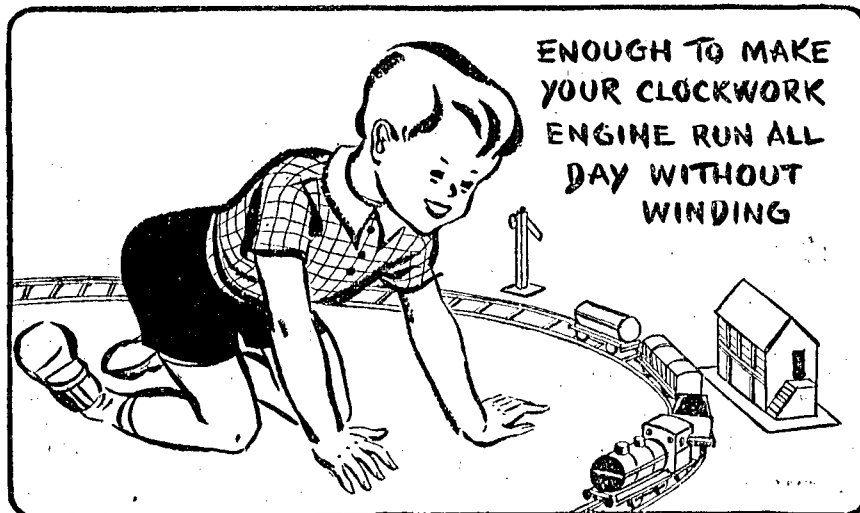
### Reducing Fuel Costs

Taking the average price of fuel oil at 80s a ton, every therm costs 2.4d, whereas when coal at 30s a ton is used the cost of every therm is only 1.35d. One of the biggest hotels in London has adopted coal in place of oil for heating its boilers, with the result that it is saving 40 per cent in the cost of fuel.

When we consider the technical improvements which have been made in the use of coal the increase in the output for the inland market is remarkable. For example, four tons of coal were required to produce one ton of finished steel before the war, but today only one and three-quarter tons of coal are used; and a unit of electricity is produced from one and a half pounds of coal, as against two and a half pounds ten years ago. So the 158,400,000 tons of coal used in this country in 1936 were not only more than that of 1913, but in many great industries the coal did twice as much work.

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It wasn't the ball—but a boot!

he did find an old pair belonging to Adolphus. They'd do!

On the following Saturday afternoon Jacko joined his team on the football ground. He waved to Chimp, and was greeted with a titter. He wondered what was the matter until he remembered his boots. Never mind; let 'em jeer. They were a bit on the outside, but they were distinctly better than nothing!

He tore down the field, with the other team hard at his heels.

He was within a few yards of the goal. He braced himself for a tremendous kick. Out shot his foot. But, to his horror, it wasn't the ball, but a boot that went sailing into the goal!

The crowd yelled with laughter, and poor Jacko retired from the scene amid prolonged jeers and boos.



## RESTLESSNESS IN CHILDREN

A common cause of restlessness in children is constipation. When a child's bowels are full of poisonous fermenting waste-matter natural rest is impossible.

The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs,' which is a pure fruit laxative. It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean. Once a child has got rid of all that disagreeable sour matter that has been upsetting him he sleeps soundly and wakes up the picture of brightness.

Ask yourself if your child is hampered by poison spreading from unhealthy, clogged bowels? A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' will make him sweet-tempered and happy in a very few hours.

Remember—a child should never miss a day, and to ensure this regularity many mothers find there is nothing better than a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs,' which is recommended by doctors and nurses. Get a bottle of this safe laxative today, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Of all chemists 1/3 and 2/6 with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

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## Complete in Two Parts

# LANCASTER'S LEGACY

By  
Gunby Hadath

### CHAPTER 1

#### Young Five

LANCASTER came into his legacy the moment he entered the school.

And a rum little scrub he was to come into a legacy, with his puckered, rather troubled face, his skinny body, and his voice that broke into a squeak when he grew nervous or excited. And of course there was a great deal to excite him when he turned up at Claybury.

To begin with, there was the bare fact of finding himself here, for never had he expected to pass the entrance exam. To go on with, there were all these heaps of strange chaps, every single one on the natural look-out for himself, yet every single one, as dimly he realised, bound up to all the others by a queer link that stretched back ages to the school's start.

And, thirdly, here was he, the last of five brothers, of whom three had left behind them at Claybury a great reputation which the fourth, who was still there, was equalling.

"It makes one feel a sort of remnant," he wrote to his sister.

It was his sister who had called it a legacy before he left home, when she was telling him that he ought to feel proud to be following in the footsteps of his famous brothers. Whereupon he had looked rather funny. And then, out it came in a stumble. He didn't feel backed; just the opposite. He wished he was going to some other school where he hadn't had a lot of big, thumping brothers. What was the good of trying to follow in their "famous footsteps"? She knew he was the dunce of the family. "I'll always be having them rammed down my throat!" he said dismally.

Lancaster the Fifth sounded splendidly regal. But when the new kids of Eagle's were rounded up for their "Singer," every one of them having to sing to the rest of the House, and he was made in his turn to stand on the table and, before being allowed to begin, was given a ruler for sceptre and crowned with the ancient brimless bowler preserved for House functions, to hilarious chanting of "Long live Lancaster the Fifth," why, then, though he managed to work up the ghost of a grin, he was glad Meg couldn't see him. It had started already, just as he'd prophesied.

After the Singer young Trapp wandered up and informed him that everyone said he ought to go in for the choir.

He asked what a chap had to do to get into the choir.

Get the Old Bird to send his name for a trial, he was told.

He made no answer to this, but he thought a good deal; and first thing next morning he bent his way to that door which, he wryly reflected, ought to know the feel of the family knuckles by now, and, after hesitating, set his teeth, tapped, turned very red, and went in—to find himself at once beneath the dread battery of Mr Eagle's disquieting gaze.

"Well, young Lancaster Five! What do you want?"

"If you please, sir," he stammered, "I'd like to go in for the choir."

The Old Bird's bushy eyebrows came up with a twitch.

"A laudable ambition! And whence has it sprung?"

He had to think this out before he responded. Then he uttered, "If you please, sir, they all think I ought to."

"And who?" he was asked with singular blandness, "are they?"

That was easy. "Sir, the boys in my day-room," he answered.

Those bushy eyebrows twitched again with more suddenness, the dry voice said, "Ah! No doubt they are capital judges. But, Lancaster Five, not one of your brothers could sing a note!"

"No, sir!" he exclaimed eagerly. "No, not one single note, sir!"

"Well, tell me: have you consulted your brother Four?"

"About the choir? No, sir." The eager face fell.

"Well, go off and ask him. And then you may come back to me. Although I'm your Housemaster, you must quite understand that I have no power to put you into the choir. But," added the Old Bird, studying those distressed features, "I might—er—persuade the music master to give you a trial."

And as the small figure withdrew the Old Bird looked after it with a puzzled expression in his shrewd eyes.

So Lancaster Five began lurking for Lancaster Four, and eventually sighting him strolling away from the Fives Courts arm-in-arm with Rippon, the captain of the school, he sidled nearer until he attracted attention, when, being beckoned to approach, he rushed into speech.

"Four, do you think I ought to join the school choir?" His nervous squeak had taken command of his voice.

His brother's companion stared. "Who's this insect?" drawled he.

"It's my brother, old man," explained Lancaster Four. "Just joined up."

"Losh! Another of you!" Rippon rejoined, with a laugh. "Well, I suppose he's come to go one better than all the rest!" Rippon laughed again, loudly; then left them to their two selves.

Exclaimed Four at once, "You croak in the choir! How ghastly!"

A timid murmur did its best to expostulate.

"But of course it's ghastly. You can't squawk a note, you young ass. And don't you forget; no Lancasters ever have sung!"

Which, coming so pat upon Mr Eagle's pronouncement, should certainly have flattened out Lancaster Five.

### CHAPTER 2

#### A Bit of Ragging

So whatever induced that small and preposterous person to stick to his notion of going in for the choir? Nobody knew except Meg, nor then till the holidays, when he took her into his confidence, as a dead secret.

"It's because," he confessed, with a shy look, "I want to be different."

"Different from what, Jim?"

"From my four thumping brothers," he faltered. "Oh, Meg! Can't you see?"

Then out it poured again. His brothers were always being thrown in his teeth, he protested. When his work wasn't up to the mark (which it generally was not) and when he made a fool of himself at games (which he generally did) he'd be cuttily reminded that his name was Lancaster. And even Mr Eagle had charged him once with "not coming up to sample." Just as though he were a packet of something, he growled.

"But you've only been there a term."

"Yes, and I'm never called anything but Lancaster the Fifth. So, Meg," he added, "I can't stand your 'legacy.' And that's why I jolly well mean to sing in the choir."

And when she still looked puzzled, "None of the Lancasters has sung in the choir," he went on. "So when I do that will get me right away from them!"

"But you can't sing," she said.

"I know," he said doggedly.

"When Trapp told you to go in for it he was only trying to be funny."

"I know he was. But it started me thinking."

"But what's the good of thinking when you've no voice?"

He came quite close to her and looked mighty mysterious. "It's Mr Arnold, the music master," he stammered. "He tried my voice. Meg, he says I may be able to sing after all!"

"You!" she uttered, wide-eyed.

"Yes, it's something to do with the squeak in my voice," he said cheerfully. "I don't know how, but Mr Arnold thinks so. And he says he'll have a shot at training me quietly. He says I'm an interesting case, Meg. What do you think?"

She shook her head. "But I tell you what," she suggested. "I'll teach you your scales and things by ourselves."

"Jolly good!" he said, beaming.

Next her mind flew to Four. "Then you haven't told Jack yet?" she said.

"Not yet. And when I do I shan't tell him my reason. Meg, when I'm singing solos some day in the choir they'll stop calling me Lancaster the Fifth, don't you think?"

"Rather! They'll call you Caruso," she said, with a smile.

"Oh, I don't mind that. I wouldn't mind that," he rejoined.

However, it wasn't Caruso, or any name so complimentary, that was fastened upon the audacious youngster next term when the story of his singing-lessons exploded one day in the day-room. Thence, via young Trapp, being carried right through the House, they came to the ears of his brother, who presently summoned him.

He liked old Four. He liked paying visits to Four's study, and having tea there

now and then as a treat. But now he obeyed the summons with some trepidation.

It was a drenching afternoon, with hockey out of the question, so he found his brother with some of his mighty-men friends sitting round a new radiogram of lordly appearance, whereof the Old Bird had permitted occasional use—on such an impossible afternoon as today, for example.

Rippon gave him an amused nod. "Sit down!" he was bidden. Then, cutting off the wireless, Four positioned a gramophone record and, with a gesture for silence, started the needle. The beautiful notes of a sweet tenor voice filled the room.

Then every eye came slowly round to their small visitor.

You might have supposed him as sitting with lips slightly parted and eyes excitedly kindled by such glorious strains. You might have expected this aspirant for the school choir to be drinking in every note with the uttermost pleasure.

But he wasn't. He was shrinking into himself. His puckered little face looked more troubled than ever. He knew what was coming. Every mighty eye watched him so queerly. They were quizzing him. Four was going to rag him. He knew.

The record finished. "Come here!" said Four. And when he was out in the middle, Four said, "Did you hear that?"

He nodded.

"Is that the way you sing?" said Four. He wouldn't have minded if all those chaps hadn't been there—Rippon and the captain of the House, and the two senior prefects, and Venables, the editor of the mag; and he himself the veriest worm.

"Is that how you sing?" Four demanded again, not unpleasantly.

He shook his head dumbly.

Four turned with a smile to the others. "My fault!" he declared. "I picked out the wrong record." Then, having removed the disc, he selected another, and nodded to the company as he adjusted it.

"Hold hard! Here we go!" he cried.

And this time a rare soprano voice flooded the room.

"There! That's better," laughed Four. "That's how you sing, isn't it, my hearty?"

The youngster pretended not to hear.

Four pressed him. "Is—that—how—you—sing?"

"No," he answered in a stifled and miserable tone, as he glanced round him like a trapped animal. But they kept him where he was, and Rippon, jumped up, announcing that he'd show them how the kid sang. With this, and after examining several records, he found what he sought and put it into position.

"Now, you listen to this!" he informed them. "Then you'll hear what his voice is like."

A round, rolling bass, as deep as the ocean, arrived.

"When," exclaimed Venables, "was that record made?"

"How do I know, you old ass," laughed Rippon.

"I wasn't asking you. I was asking young Lancaster," said Venables, with the most serious air in the world. "I've never heard a finer one. When was it made, Lancaster?"

"Ask my brother," smiled Four.

"I am asking him," rejoined Venables.

Then something gave way in the youngster.

"This morning!" he shouted, quivering with humiliation. "And I'd rather sing like that than play rotten games or edit rotten mags or swank round in Colours!"

He flung his words at them, hardly knowing what he was saying. Then, his face in a flame, he rushed out of the room.

"A bit unfair. We baited him too much," remarked Rippon.

"Oh, he'll get over it," said Four, rather uneasily.

"I liked his bit about my mag!" chuckled Venables, his long face, resembling a horse's face, twitching with merriment.

"The last number's hopeless!"

"He's got some grit, Lancaster!"

"He's got most confounded nerve, Rippon. The idea of him imagining that he can sing. Why, he'd never sing if he lived to be billions of years old. Did I ever make a fool of myself that way, old man? Did any of my three brothers?"

"No," said Rippon. "Not one of 'em. No, no, old boy. I agree," he continued with gusto, "that the brothers Lancaster are a rare crowd of toughs, but nobody has ever accused them of singing!"

"There you are, then!" Four echoed indignantly. "The youngster's only making a laughing-stock of himself, and as I won't have him laughed at I had to jump in. It doesn't matter our ragging him, but I don't mean to let him give his fellow kids the chance."

TO BE CONCLUDED



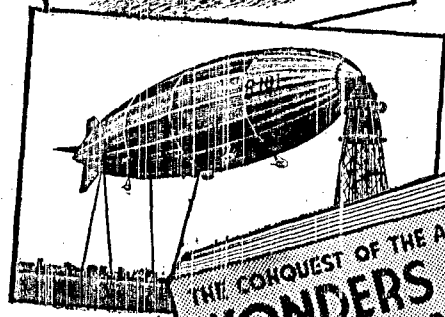
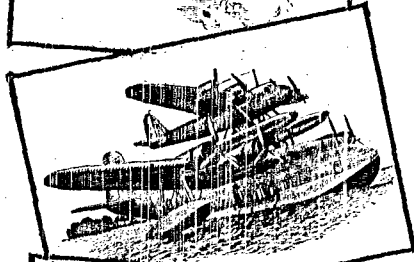
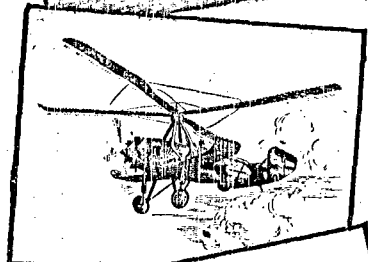
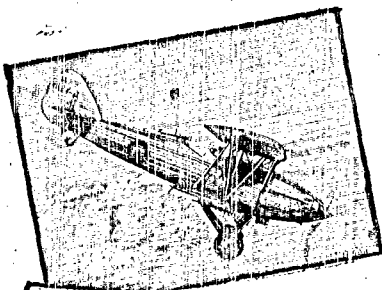
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# WONDERS of WORLD AVIATION

Editor: CLARENCE WINCHESTER, A.R.Ae.S.I.

Consulting Editor: J. LAURENCE PRITCHARD, Hon. F.R.Ae.S.

*Weekly  
Part 7d*



THE conquest of the air is the most vital scientific discovery of modern times; its effect on our lives is of such importance that it is almost a duty to read of the development and progress of aircraft and aeronautics. It becomes a very pleasant duty when looking through the pages of WONDERS OF WORLD AVIATION, the first really reliable and comprehensive survey of aeronautics from the earliest times to the present day yet produced in this country.

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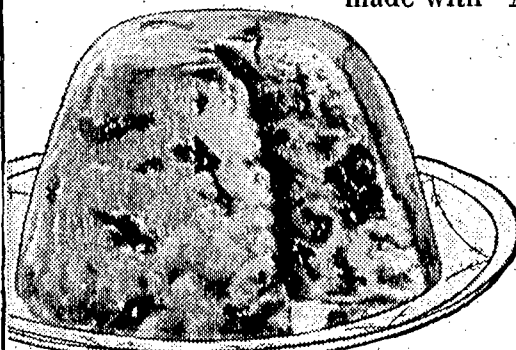
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**THE GOOD BEEF SUET**



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 12, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

### Jumbled Towns

If properly re-arranged the letters of each of the following phrases spell the names of six well-known English towns or cities.

LOVE OR LIP MOIST ADEN  
NOT AUNT STEER CROW  
HATED SAGE PIG LANDS

Answer next week

### The Swan

THE swan comes gliding to the bank  
At offerings to peck.  
He takes all that we have to give  
With boldness. What a neck!

### A Tall Story

ONE of the side-shows at a circus was advertised as the most remarkable dwarf in the world. Inside the tent was an ordinary-looking man of five feet, and when angry people asked the proprietor for an explanation he told them that the remarkable thing about the man was that he was the tallest dwarf in the world.

### Ici on Parle Français



La montre watch  
Le gilet waistcoat  
La chaîne chain

Papa a une grosse montre en or. Il la porte dans la poche de son gilet, au bout d'une chaîne.  
Daddy has a big gold watch. He carries it in his waistcoat pocket, at the end of a chain.

### What Word is This?

WHAT English word of one syllable becomes a word of two syllables when the first two letters are taken away?

Answer next week

### Things That Cannot Be Done

You can't weigh grams with a grammar,  
And you can't cure hams with a hammer,  
Do suns with a summer,  
Stew plums with a plumber,  
Or shear an old ram with a rammer.

### Foolish

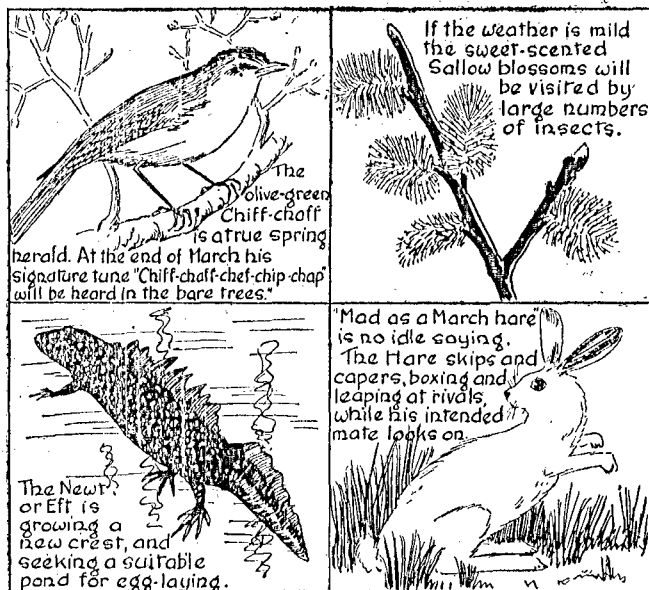
A MAN who wanted to know what he looked like when asleep stood before a mirror with his eyes closed.

A man hearing that a raven would live 200 years bought one to prove it.

A foolish fellow wishing to sell his house took a brick from the wall to show as a sample.

A man wanted to teach his horse to live without food. When it died of starvation he

## In the Countryside Now



The Olive-green Chiff-chaff is a true spring herald. At the end of March his signature tune 'Chiff-chaff-chiff-chap' will be heard in the bare trees.

If the weather is mild the sweet-scented Sallow blossoms will be visited by large numbers of insects.

The Newt or Eff is growing a new crest, and seeking a suitable pond for egg-laying.

Mad as a March hare is no idle saying. The Hare skips and capers, boxing and leaping at rivals while his intended mate looks on.

### The Farmer's Lament

THE farmer leads no EC life,  
The CD grows may rot,  
And when at EV rests from strife  
His bones all AK lot.

### What Happened on Your Birthday

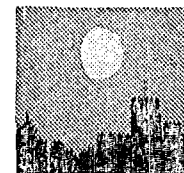
March 13. Earl Grey born . 1764  
14. Sir Samuel Baker discovered Albert Nyanza . 1864  
15. Sir Henry Bessemer died 1898  
16. Alexander III of Scotland killed . . . . . 1286  
17. Harold I died . . . . . 1040  
18. Edward the Martyr assassinated . . . . . 978  
19. David Livingstone born . 1813

### Never Satisfied

IT is said that artists who send their pictures to the Royal Academy are like washerwomen because they are never satisfied until their work is hung on the line.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars and Saturn are in the west. Uranus is in the south-west and Neptune in the east. In the morning Jupiter is low in the east. The picture shows the moon at ten o'clock on Sunday evening, March 13.



### Beheading

I'm out of England, overseas.  
Beheaded, I'm expansive, wide;  
Or, if you will, a water in East Anglia, where wherries glide.  
Behead again, and what's left over  
Will be a way to Bath or Dover.

Answer next week

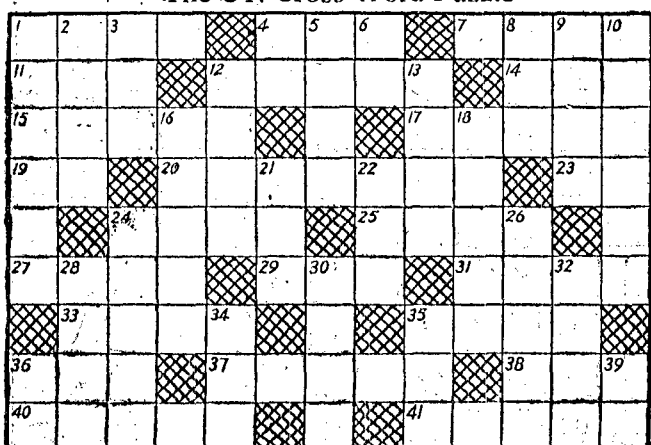
### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

An Arithmetical Problem. 120 apples and 104 pears.  
A Word Puzzle. A sentence

Reading Across. 1. Humorous anecdote. 4. Appropriate. 7. Triangular stringed instrument. 11. Farewell. 12. A large reception-room. 14. The ocean. 15. To restore to former freshness. 17. Fertile tract in the desert. 19. Georgius Rex. 20. To agitate. 23. Nova Scotia. 24. The measure of duration. 25. Bird known as the white nun. 27. Tidy. 29. Gaffer's driving-place. 31. To peruse. 33. To ascend. 35. Persia. 36. Girl's name. 37. The science of reasoning. 38. A solemn promise. 40. A fusible elementary substance. 41. An occurrence.

Reading Down. 1. Confused unintelligible talk. 2. Above. 3. To know. 4. Automobile Association. 5. An intrigue. 6. In the direction of. 8. Donkey. 9. To restrain. 10. Gone by. 12. To be supported on water. 13. A rule. 16. Prepares for publication. 18. To wander. 21. To place in position. 22. Employ. 24. To infect. 26. To form material by interlacing threads. 28. The white-tailed sea-eagle. 30. Brink. 32. Northward. 34. Forty-five inches in England. 35. Solid water. 39. Before noon. 39. Weight.

## The C N Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week

## Five-Minute Story

### The Buffalo Scare

JACK stuck his head through the gap in the garden hedge and whistled till his next-door friend came running out to hear this: "I say, Jim, the explorer man has arrived. Let's go and see if we can get a squint at him."

The two boys had been all agog since they had heard about the new tenant who had bought the old priory with its fine park, so off they went together, meaning to follow the park wall round and climb it at different points in the hope of having a glimpse of the famous explorer, or the pets he was said to have collected on his travels.

All at once, just after they had turned into a lonely lane, they both exclaimed excitedly, and began running when they saw that a big tree had crashed across it, breaking down yards of the wall.

But they pulled up quickly when a four-legged animal suddenly appeared through the big gap, and Jack yelled, "Buffalo!"

Too scared to bolt, the pair stood staring for a moment or so, then, as the animal stopped and stared at them, they plucked up their courage, advancing upon it, shouting and waving their arms.

Instead of lowering its head and charging them, as they feared, it turned tail and trotted quietly back through the broken wall. But as the boys reached the opening they saw it break into a gallop towards a man hurrying across the park, and held their breath in horror, quite expecting him to be attacked.

But the animal checked its mad career, wheeled, and then began trotting like a dog beside the man, who was still walking briskly towards the broken wall.

It was the new tenant. "Hullo!" he said to the boys, a minute or so later. "I was out looking for my bison. If you two stopped him from straying into the roads you've done him, and me, a good turn. He might have been run down by a car."

How he laughed when the boys told him of their scare.

"No! He's no buffalo. He's Billy the Bison," he told them. "I've had him since I found him as quite a baby thing beside his dead mother, so that's why he's so tame. He's the most devoted of all my pets—and I've got some queer ones! Help me to block up this hole a bit and I'll take you to see them."

So Jack and Jim had the proud distinction of being the first to make friends with the explorer and his pets.

## MAGNESIA DISCOVERED TO WHITEN TEETH

How easy to have snowy-white teeth, according to the advertisements! Just use the right dentifrice, and dingiest teeth turn gleaming white. Well, it's true to-day, thanks to the discovery of what a certain brand of magnesia does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel.

If your toothpaste contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' its daily use will wash away every stain. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time.

Countless people have found this to be so, because twelve thousand dentists have been advocating this new type of dentifrice to their patients. It has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities, and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar does not form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

But it's the amazing whitening properties that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

## SATISFYING BREAKFASTS

for 52,000 hungry East-End Children are provided free each winter. Will you aid us with a gift, please? £1 pays for 80.

R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supt., EAST END MISSION, Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1



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